

THE LIVING AGE.


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 We have, at last, with great regret, sold the stereotype plates of the First Series of *The Living Age*, to be melted by type-founders. We have a small number of copies of the printed work remaining, which we shall be glad to receive orders for so long as we can supply them.

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98 THE POOR PAINTER'S EPITAPH.—OVER THE HILLSIDE.

THE POOR PAINTER'S EPITAPH.

I.

YE rich, whom God has granteased
And time to work each brave design,
Who need not care the world to please,
Compare your happy lot with mine !
Who dare not do the best I can,
For on world's favor hangs my bread :
And, thwarted in each higher plan,
I have no hope, till for the dead
'Tis written on my churchyard stone,
" He lived unloved, he died unknown."

II.

From light of dawn till even's gloom,
Slow moves the pencil 'neath my hand ;
Alone within this lonely room,
Tired of each fancy ere 'tis planned ;
No friend stands by to give me cheer,
To check my faults, to help my way ;
I'm weary of this earth-life drear,
Long from the next I cannot stay.
Write soon upon the churchyard stone,
" He lived unloved, he died unknown."

III.

With the young days so long since fled,
How have the young dreams past as well !
I thought each morn to quit my bed
With some new word from God to tell,
With some new beauty men to raise
To things unseen by earth-types led :
Alas, we live in evil days,
When all men live on only bread.
Ye can but write then on the stone,
" He lived unloved, he died unknown."

IV.

And yet, perchance, 'tis want of faith ;
Had I but bravely done my best,
I might not now be nearing death
'Mid lonely care and fixt unrest.
O God ! I know not. In the night
And tumult of the things that be,
I may have failed to read aright
The intent of what thou'dst planned for me :
Howe'er it be, write on the stone,
He lived unloved, he died unknown."

V.

Or had I been of coarser mould,
Content to choose the pettier gain,
Ambitious, eager after gold,
I might not now have lived in vain.
But strength and weakness, Lord, thou know'st ;
I leave the judgment to thy hand :
A broken shard, I cannot boast ;
Who before thee excused can stand ?
For men alone write on the stone,
" He lived unloved, he died unknown."

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

OVER THE HILLSIDE.

FAREWELL ! In dimmer distance
I watch your figures glide,
Across the sunny moorland,
And brown hillside.

Each momentarily uprising,
Large, dark, against the sky ;
Then—in the vacant moorland,
Alone sit I.

Along the unknown country,
Where your lost footsteps pass,
What beauty decks the heavens
And clothes the grass !

Over the mountain shoulder,
What glories may unfold !
Though I see but the mountain,
Blank, bare, and cold :

And the white road, slow winding
To where, each after each,
You slipped away—ah, whither ?
I cannot reach.

And if I call, what answers ?
Only, twixt earth and sky,
Like wail of parting spirit,
The curlew's cry.

.

Yet sunny is the moorland,
And soft the pleasant air ;
And little flowers, like blessings,
Grow everywhere.

While, over all, the mountain
Stands, sombre, calm, and still ;
Immutable and steadfast
As the One Will ;

Which, done on earth, in heaven,
Eternally confessed
By men and saints and angels,
Be ever blest !

Under its infinite shadow,
Safer than light of ours,
I'll sit me down a little
And gather flowers.

Then I will rise and follow
Without one wish to stay,
The path ye all have taken,—
The appointed way.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS OF CONCORD.

It is now nearly thirty years since Ralph Waldo Emerson, having already startled the generation of young Americans from the drowsiness which they had inherited, returned from his communion with Carlyle, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and came to his ancestral home at Concord, Massachusetts, to be the Arthur of an intellectual Round Table. The little village of Concord is about twenty miles from Boston, just too far to be an inviting place of residence to those having business with the city. It had exactly the same number of inhabitants, according to the census of 1860, that it had in 1850,—about 1,200. It is known among the manufacturing towns around as Sleepy Hollow. Its visitors for fifty years had been only some young patriots who came occasionally to stand on the spot where the first physical resistance was made to the soldiers of George III. by his revolutionary colonies—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Where once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

But within these thirty years there have been more pilgrims to Concord than were ever attracted by the little granite shaft and the submerged buttresses of the old bridge, which indicate the sacred spot; for in that time the seemingly sleepy little village has been the arena of a nobler revolution,—that against creeds and forms whose time had come to pass away, but which still aspired to grasp and wield in their skeleton hands the sceptre of the New World.

Emerson stood, not only by gifts, but by hereditary right, the representative of whatever new unfoldings of thought might be possible under the new conditions of American life. He was the eighth in regular succession of a family line of clergymen, a most important fact in a country where the clergyman was at once the scholar and authentic spiritual guide in every community, and also a paramount power behind every magistrate; and it is well known that the Puritans did not fail to appreciate the sweets of power when they became the rulers instead of the ruled. But it is more interesting to know that these eight ministers of the family had each represented the most advanced phase of what is called "New England Theology," in

his time. The earliest ancestors had, of course, preached extreme Calvinism; but no ray of liberalism that mitigated that shadow was without an Emerson standing for it. When the time of Arminianism came, Emerson's grandfather was in the van of its defenders, and his father was one of the earliest to avow Unitarianism. Ralph Waldo certainly proved himself to be, if I may be allowed the phrase, "a chip of the old block," when he took Unitarianism, in the plaintive language of an old Boston clergyman, and carried it God knows where. Emerson thus inherited the accumulated culture and heresies of two hundred years, and is reverently regarded by his disciples as the consummate flower which the sturdy root and thorny stem of Puritanism existed to produce.

It is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again. Destiny gave this advantage to Emerson, May, 25th, 1803. He had the usual advantages, also, of a boy of good family, brought up in a city where, as I think, more careful attention is paid to the real education of children than in any other part of the world. So early as the age of fourteen he entered Harvard University, at Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1821. He had the much-sought distinction of being the class-poet on class-day. He did not take a very high rank in his class, though, during his college course, he had twice received a Bowdoin prize for dissertations, and once a Boylston prize for declamation. Amongst his companions he was distinguished for general literary attainments. After graduation, Emerson studied in the Divinity College at Cambridge, and at the same time taught school: this extra labor was undertaken for the purpose of educating, at Harvard, his younger brother Charles, who was by many at that time regarded as intellectually superior to Ralph Waldo. This young man died soon after graduation, leaving behind him a few remarkable manuscripts which were published in the *Dial*, as "Notes from the Journal of a Scholar." In 1826, Emerson was "approved" by the Middlesex Association of Ministers; but his health failing, he spent the winter in Florida and South Carolina. In 1829 he was ordained pastor of a church of importance in Boston. He had been in this position a year or two when, as the regular day for celebrating the Lord's Supper

X was over by education a genius produced?

returned, he announced to his congregation that he must decline to administer it. He gave as his reason, that he thought the Quakers right in thinking that the Lord's Supper was an inward communion, which was only sensualized by the presentation of outward symbols. This wrought such an agitation amongst his fellow-ministers that he resigned his pulpit. About this time, also, his spirits were much depressed by the loss of his wife, a beautiful and superior woman, whom he married in September, 1830, and lost in less than five months thereafter. He then visited Europe, where he had important interviews with Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and more particularly with Thomas Carlyle, whose genius he was perhaps one of the first to recognize. He travelled far, and by a private carriage, to find Craigenputtock, amid its "desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." Many will remember his account of this visit. "We went out," he says, "to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle's fault that we talked on that topic; for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects the future. 'Christ died on the tree: that built Dunscone kirk yonder: that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.'"

On his return from Europe in the winter of 1833, Emerson began his career as a lecturer, and really created the Lyceum system of America. The successive subjects upon which he lectured during the next few years indicate the direction of his studies: "Water;" "Italy" (2); "The Relation of Man to the Globe" (3); "Michael Angelo;" "Milton;" "Luther;" George Fox;" "Edmund Burke."

In the year 1835, Mr. Emerson was a second time married, and went to reside in Concord. In the same year he began to be known as one who was giving new views to the people. Large and anxious crowds attended his lectures on "The Times," on

"The American Scholar," on "Transcendentalism," and kindred subjects. The excitement was very great. He spoke to the young men around him with an emphasis that deprived them of sleep. He brought the age to the bar of judgment. "Our age," he cried, "is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we, also, enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us, by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship." Of course a religious teacher could not go on in this strain without producing a panic in the churches. This came, and culminated in a formal condemnation of his doctrines by the Faculty of the Divinity College (Unitarian), upon his delivery of the celebrated address before the graduating class of that institution in 1838. That address was an era in the religious history of New England: it created a new school of Unitarianism, and planted the germ of an American philosophy. Theodore Parker was, as yet, a comparatively unknown inquirer when he heard it; to him it was a crystallizing touch as to many others. In his private journal was found the following entry: "Sunday, July 15th, 1838. Proceeded to Cambridge to hear the valedictory sermon by Mr. Emerson. In this he surpassed himself as much as he surpasses others in the general way. I shall give no abstract. So beautiful, so just, so true, and terribly sublime was his picture of the faults of the church in its present position. My soul is roused, and this week I shall write the long meditated sermons on the state of the church and the duties of these times."

From this time Concord became a transcendental Mecca, and was visited by all

manner of "come-outers." Men with long hair, long beards, and long collars; very many with long ears; those who believed that man was to reach the millennium by abstinence from meat; committees from the Female Short Skirt Society; communists of every hue,—all came with laughable pertinacity, each seeking to get the new candle for his altar, and each in full chase of the millennium which *Mrs. Emerson* had much reason to wish would make haste and come. But *Emerson's* mind was, like Thebes, hundred-gated. Fortunately, though there are swarms of insects at the tropics, there are also to be found gorgeous growths and birds with sunset tints. Around him were Channing, Thoreau, Curtis, Hawthorne, Ripley, and, above all, Margaret Fuller. Then Concord became a centre of "extraordinary generous seeking." The effect of the presence of these superior persons upon the village itself was most remarkable; it was as if a new climate had breathed upon it and evoked germs and growths which were hitherto unsuspected. This little agricultural village presently had libraries, scientific classes, and lecturers, such as many large cities could not show. *Emerson* was looked up to as the good genius of the place and of the country; he was a prophet most honored in his own country.

The *Aspasia* of this high council was Margaret Fuller. Plain, and, to many, even repulsive in appearance, she had a light within which could shine out and in which she was easily transfigured. She had a special and personal relation to each of the magnates around her, discerning their individualities more clearly and swiftly than they themselves could. One of her most intimate friends described her peculiar power of reading faces and forms as a kind of spiritual fortune-telling. With a devotion akin to fascination, the old and the young gathered about this transcendental queen; and the young girls declared that they wilted if she left the village but for a day. They were freely admitted to her room, and the magic play of her voice was like the singing of a fountain. Nor was it with a few choice minds that her singular power was alone felt. "The Concord stage-coachman," says *Emerson*, "distinguished her by his respect, and the chamber-maid was pretty sure to confide to her on the second day her homely romance." The

better class of young Cambridge students came to see her, as if she had been a revisory professor; through the problems which engaged them her all-revealing eye shot like lightning, and for each she read the mystic character of his destiny; and I know several distinguished men who have declared that they have ever since been living and toiling under standards erected for them by Margaret on such occasions. Of course, with this power and magnetism there was much that was strange and much that was morbid. She was a victim of pain nearly all her lifetime; read and wrote in bed, and fancied that she could understand anything better when suffering, and that "pain acted like a girdle to give tension to her powers." "During a terrible attack of headache," writes one of her friends, "which made her totally helpless, Margaret was yet in her finest vein of humor, and kept those who were assisting her in a strange painful excitement between laughing and crying by perpetual brilliant sallies."

There was a singular mixture of faculties and tendencies in this extraordinary woman, calculated to remind one of *Mrs. Browning's* address to George Sand: "Thou great-souled woman and large-hearted man!" Margaret was fully conscious of the male intellect in which was incarnate her sensitively feminine heart. In some unpublished verses "To the Moon," she wrote,—

"But if I steadfast gaze upon thy face,
A human secret like my own I trace,
For through the woman's smile looks the male
eye."

She had a fancy, too, for wearing carbuncles, because carbuncles are male and female; the latter casts out light, the male has his within himself; for she was not without a tendency to dally with the stories of spells and charms; and, it seems, really believed that, when she turned her head on one side, she had second sight. It is certain that her eyes were, at times, visible in the dark.

Her "conversations" given in Boston were attended by *Emerson*, Parker, Phillips, Lowell, and indeed all the leading persons of that region. Her wonderful eloquence and electric spirit gave to these conversations an impressiveness and influence which cannot be inferred from the scanty reports which have been preserved of them. However, I will give a specimen, if only for its drollery,

and to show the kind of intellectual activity which was the first-fruit of the "transcendental movement" in New England:—

March 22d, 1841.—The question of the day was, What is Life? Let us define, each in turn, our idea of living. Margaret did not believe we had, any of us, a distinct idea of life.

A. S. thought so great a question ought to be given for a written definition. "No," said Margaret; "that is of no use. When we go away to think of anything, we never do think. We all talk of life. We all have some thought now. Let us tell it. C—, what is life?" C— replied, "It is to laugh or cry according to our organization." "Good," said Margaret, "but not grave enough. Come, what is life? I know what I think. I want you to find out what you think."

Miss P. replied, "Life is division from one's principle of life in order to a conscious reorganization. We are cut up by time and circumstance in order to feel our reproduction of the eternal law." Mrs. E.: "We live by the will of God, and the object of life is to submit,"—and went on into Calvinism. Then came up all the antagonism of Fate and Freedom.

Mrs. H. said, "God created us in order to have a perfect sympathy from us as free beings." Mrs. A. B. thought the object of life was to attain absolute freedom. At this Margaret immediately and visibly kindled. C. S. said, "God creates from the fulness of life and cannot but create; he created us to overflow without being exhausted, because what he created necessitated new creation. It is not to make us happy; but creation is his happiness and ours."

Margaret was then pressed to say what she considered life to be. Her answer was full, clear, and concise, and so inspiring that the reporter apologizes for not giving it: he was magnetized. He says, "She began with God as Spirit,—life so full as to create and love eternally, yet capable of pause. Love and creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we, individually, as creatures, go forth bearing his image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we also add constantly to the total sum of existence, and shaking off ignorance and its effects, and by becoming more ourselves, i.e., more divine, destroying sin in its principle,

we attain absolute freedom, we return to God, conscious like himself, and as his friends, giving as well as receiving felicity evermore. In short, we become gods, and able to give the life which we now feel ourselves able only to receive."

With Margaret Fuller began the demand of women in America for social and legal existence; and what is known as the "Woman's Rights Movement" is the organization of her spirit which, like that of John Brown, is still "marching on." Her claim for an independent development for women knew no bounds: "let them be sea-captains if they will!" The modifications of many hard laws in the States, relating to women, must be credited to the interest which she awakened.

In after-years she went to Rome, and remained there during the revolutions of 1848, doing valuable service in the hospitals. Here, also, she married Count Ossoli.

There were, it is known, many ill-natured rumors concerning this marriage, the peculiarities of which were justified by circumstances. Many of her friends, and amongst them the Brownings, wished Margaret to make public explanations of these circumstances; but she stoutly refused, saying, "that no one for whose opinion she cared, would be likely to believe that she had done anything wrong in such a matter." In this she certainly did not underrate the confidence with which her friends in America regarded her. It was at Florence that Margaret enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, who appreciated her rare powers fully as much as her friends in America did, during the last six months of her life. It was with them that she, with her husband and child, spent the last evening that she ever spent on land. As Margaret went to the ill-starred ship, Mrs. Browning pressed upon her finger a ring with a carbuncle in it, entirely unaware of her superstition already alluded to concerning that stone. Later they received from her a letter written—or scratched rather—at Gibraltar, telling them of the ravages of the small-pox, which had deprived them of a captain, and of the rigors by which they were forbidden to land, and compelled to go on toward America with only the mate for captain, and with the disease still lurking in the ship. This was the last letter she ever wrote. I need not here renew the grief of recording the

tragic end of this strange and noble life; nor the sorrow of the long-expectant relatives and friends who received her and her husband and child, only as the waves washed them to the shore, within hailing distance of which they perished.

So long as Margaret Fuller lived at Concord, that "airy nothing," called Transcendentalism, had a local habitation and a name: those interested in it joined with each other to form a sort of body, of which Emerson was the brain and Margaret the blood. When Margaret left, it broke to pieces like a cosmical ring, each piece flying off to revolve on its own axis and orbit. Some, whose views had been in the direction of social reconstruction, went off to become the centre of the socialistic movement on Brook Farm, others to form religious societies, others to become anti-slavery leaders, whilst Hawthorne took office and fell into the mire of the democratic party, and Emerson, Thoreau, and others remained to follow as individuals, their congenial pursuits.

Somewhere about the year 1845, George W. Curtis, since then celebrated as a brilliant traveller and humorist, found his way to Concord. Curtis was fresh from Cambridge University, of high family, and with fair fortune; but thinking he had not had sufficient contact with the rough side of life, he, with his brother, hired himself as a farm-laborer near Concord. The whimsical youths worked well for fair wages, and reserved enough leisure to enjoy the society of the village notabilities. He gives some amusing pictures of the Concord circle as it was then.

"Towards the end of the autumn," he writes, "Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter at his library. I went the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable; for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners on the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Allcott invaded the desert of silence with a solemn saying, to

which, after due pause, the Hon. Member for Blackberry Pastures" (Thoreau, the naturalist) "responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale" (Nathaniel Hawthorne), "a statue of Night and Silence, sat, a little removed under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes, and suit of sable, made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories; while the shifting presence of the Brook farmer" (Mr. Pratt) "played like heat-lightning round the room. I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the rich ore of his thought, and the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden Woods; but still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element, and every chemist knows how much else goes to practical food, how much course, rough, woody fibre is essential. The club struggled valiantly, discoursing celestially, eating apples and disappearing into the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether."

Meanwhile the village of Concord enjoyed the solid privilege of hearing weekly lectures from these eminent men, and others whom they attracted from a distance. Amongst others they frequently listened to the eloquent voice of W. H. Channing, now chaplain to the House of Representatives at Washington. A firm friendship has long subsisted between Channing and Emerson. Channing was one who gave his earliest sympathies to the socialistic experiments of New England, and, when they failed, was known as an earnest champion of liberal ideas, and of emancipation. There was about him a crystal purity which attracted all, and none more than Emerson. Mrs. Emerson had always wished to have her children christened. Emerson declared that he would offer no objection when a minister could be found to christen

the children "who was as good as they." When Channing came to Concord, he agreed with his wife that the right man had been found, and the children were christened.

At the other end of the village from the residence of Emerson stands the somewhat historic house known as the Old Manse, about which were gathered Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse." It was built for the residence of an early colonial functionary of Massachusetts, and, as its fine front gables and rich wainscoting indicate, was in its time a fine mansion.

In this Old Manse came Nathaniel Hawthorne to dwell in those days when, as he afterwards wrote with a certain grim satisfaction, he "was the most unknown author in America." The twilight region of romance in which he loved to dwell found a congenial centre in this quaint old home, haunted by so many traditions. As a phantom he came, and as a phantom he dwelt there; and, after several years, was still to the villagers a dark, sombre stranger. He was a silent looker-on, and noted down with the interest of an artist the movements which were going on around him; and entering, with an artist's interest, even the community of Brook Farm,—out of which experience grew his "Blithedale Romance," in which all the enthusiasts of that experiment appear. A boat on the beautiful river Musketaquid, at twilight, a bath in the same river a little later, seemed to be the mortal routine of this most reserved and unsocial of men. Whatever befell him went at once into the scrap-bag, out of which came from time to time the finely-woven tales which have fascinated so many. The mother of Goethe said, "My son, whenever he had a grief, made a poem of it, and so got rid of it." It was much the same with the life of Hawthorne, in whose works real events and characters are worked up more than in those of any author with whom I am acquainted. Many will remember the thrilling termination to the story of Zenobia (Margaret Fuller), in the "Blithedale Romance." The terrible details of the dragging for the corpse of the suicide were made with a singular fidelity from an actual event which cast a deep shadow over the village. About a mile from the residence of Mr. Hawthorne lived a farmer of humble fortunes, who had much struggle to obtain a competence for his large family. Among these was a daughter of precocious

talent, who had interested Emerson and others by her studies and earnestness. But as she got older, the hard duties of life and poverty wore upon her delicate organization; and she was not yet twenty years of age when she disappeared. Through the night she was sought in every direction. At length one of the neighbors found some article of her clothing upon the riverside; and, as Mr. Hawthorne's was the nearest house, he went there to get a boat and some assistance. It was after midnight, and Hawthorne went in his boat with the other; together they sat in the moonlight, a mile from the city, and silently dragged for the corpse. At last it was drawn up. Silently Hawthorne went home to spend the rest of the night in writing that chapter, which for tragic power is perhaps unsurpassed in the literature of the horrible.

President Polk took Hawthorne, who was very "impecunious," to use a new American coinage, away from Concord, and gave him the care of the customs in Salem, Massachusetts; with the antiquities, particularly the witches, of which ancient city he made immediate acquaintance. His strange and reserved habits gave him the reputation in Salem of a man who was haunted by an evil conscience and by several unusually pertinacious ghosts whom he had, perhaps, helped to make ghosts in early life. After this he lived in other towns, but finally returned to Concord, declaring that it was, he suspected, the only place on the planet where a man could live as he liked without interference from his neighbors. Had he known how many spinsters his odd habits had tortured with curiosity, and how much tea he had spoiled, he would not have given so much credit even to Concord. Unhappily Hawthorne had been a college classmate of Franklin Pierce; and when the latter was nominated by the Democrats, so-called (*lucus a non lucendo*), for the presidency, the novelist wrote a biography of Pierce. For this, his most remarkable work of fiction, he was, on the election of Mr. Pierce, made consul at Liverpool. To say any more about him here would be carrying coals to Newcastle. Nevertheless, I may add, that amongst those in America who knew Hawthorne best, his criticisms upon so much of English life and character as may be only seen in parlors, and especially his judgments concerning English or other women, are regarded as the

breaking out of a comic genius in him, for which he has hitherto had little credit. Upon entering a room where any company had assembled, Hawthorne was very sure to make for the darkest corner, and it would have taken more than a forty-dowager power to draw him out of it. At an evening company in Boston last year, at which I was present, and where he was the chief guest, he was found to have disappeared at about nine, and being sought for by the host, was discovered in a remote room of the house reading Defoe's "Ghost Stories."

Though personally acquainted with the transcendentalists, Hawthorne was looked upon as having little or no real interest in the principles which they discussed or represented. He was more a keen-eyed intellectual huntsman, who knew wheret the finest game was to be found; and, as the forester must be unespied,—

"He took the color of his vest
From rabbit's coat or grouse's breast."

Mr. Hawthorne was the only literary man in America who has not given his voice against slavery. At the same time it should be said that, in his personal relations, this ablest of American story-tellers was without reproach, and that they mourn most his early death who knew him best.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, in his celebrated "Fable for Critics," had the discernment to recognize Emerson's common sense as well as his genius, and regarded his head as a well-balanced sphere, with

"One pole on Olympus and t'other on 'Change."

Nevertheless, the majority of his neighbors could not consent that the transcendental philosopher was anything but a dreamer. Yet they all agreed that he was a very charming dreamer, and his plain speech and simple manners with the rough farmers around him won their hearts. Moreover, it was certainly true that the presence of this dreamer in Concord had largely raised the value of real estate. This "simple child, and wildly wise," must be taken care of; and so delicate services were rendered him without his knowledge, and by some persons, doubtless, with whom he had never met. Some nurseryman in the gray of the morning had entered his garden and carefully pruned his vines and trees for the season. One put up a bird house near him, and "ever since," said Mr. Emerson, "there has been a chorus

of birds singing his praises." When he first went to reside on the pleasant little farm at Concord, his house was unprotected from the keen winds of winter, and the intense heats of summer, for which New England is remarkable. A gentleman with whom Emerson had no acquaintance, riding by, paused and saw what was needed. On the next day a wagon loaded with young firs came, and several workmen occupied the day in planting them in front of the house, on each side. Since their growth, the house has been comfortable at all seasons, and the yard remarkable for its beauty.

But one day a tall, slender, blonde and white-haired man was found busily engaged upon Mr. Emerson's grounds, contriving and building with a pile of sticks, which he had heaped together, a fantastic something which might be called arbor, or bower, or summer-house. The architect was A. Bronson Alcott, and this the first and last house evolved from his inner consciousness. Alcott is an institution of Concord and of Transcendentalism, and no account of them would be complete which did not include some sketch of him. Since Wordsworth has celebrated the pedler in an epic, it may not be thought disparaging to say that this singular individual was in early life a traveller through the Southern States in that capacity, even within a short time of his appearance as builder of the ideal bower in Emerson's garden. But his experience certainly did not whet in him any shrewdness which would entitle him to be considered an exemplary Yankee. Alcott, with a large and interesting family, one daughter of which has become distinguished as an authoress, was, humanly speaking, utterly unable to support it. He was utterly unable to do anything for which the great world was willing to trade: it (with exception of the little Emersons) did not wish his summerhouses, still less those mystical ideas which his genius only authorized him to utter, not to write. But Alcott, despite certain inconveniences, believed that there were still kindly ravens who would feed prophets in extremity. On one occasion he in some way became possessed of a twenty-dollar gold-piece, whereat there was rejoicing in his household. On the same day a traveller in distress knocked at his door, and telling a piteous story, besought five dollars to enable him to get home somewhere, promising to return it. Alcott told him that he had not a

five-piece but if a twenty would do he had that. The man naturally accepted the alternative, and went his way rejoicing. Mrs. Alcott, on hearing of the transaction, was much provoked, and did not share her husband's hope of again seeing the money. On the next day the newspaper contained a full description of the rogue, and an account of how he had on false pretences swindled several others. Nevertheless, a few days afterwards Alcott received a letter containing the money, in which the swindler declared that though he had taken the money of other people whenever he could, without compunction, he could not make up his mind to retain the money of a man so simple-hearted and generous as to give him four times the amount that he had asked for.

Alcott was without public reputation for a long time, except among the school-children of Boston, among whom he was the hero of heroes. He had an idea that the children were new arrivals from a higher world, and that, could their ideas and intuitions only be got at and interpreted before they should "fade into the light of common day," we should have the highest revelations. With these ideas he visited many schools, and was freely permitted to occupy a portion of their time with his "Conversations." The children in the schools which he visited were of ages ranging from four to fourteen years. I have reports of two or three of these conversations, which I know to have been genuinely made: they are interesting enough for me to give a specimen here, though they would have been much more interesting if we could have, with the name of each child whose answer is repeated, his or her exact age. Mr. Alcott's plan was to read some passage, generally from the New Testament, and then call upon each of the children to declare what portion of such passage made the deepest impression upon his mind, and the reason of that impression.

In the conversation of which I shall give a portion, the children were all between the ages of six and twelve years of age. Mr. Alcott began by reading that portion of the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria, contained in John iv. 16-30.

Samuel T. (spoke)—"I was most interested in this verse: 'He that drinks of this water shall thirst again; but he that drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never

thirst.' He means by this that those who heard what he taught, and did it, should live always; should never die; their spirits should never die."

Mr. Alcott.—"Can spirit die?"

Samuel T.—"For a spirit to die is to leave off being good."

Edward J.—"I was interested in the words, 'For the water that I shall give him will be in him a well of water.' I think it means that when people are good, and getting better, it is like water springing up always. They have more and more goodness."

Samuel R.—"Water is an emblem of holiness."

Mr. Alcott.—"Water means spirit, pure and unspoiled."

Edward J.—"It is holy spirit."

Later in the same conversation Mr. Alcott puts the question,—

"When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship?"

Josiah (seven years of age).—"No, Mr. Alcott; a little baby does not worship. It opens its eyes on the world, and sees things, and perhaps wonders what they are; but it don't know anything about them or itself. It don't know the use of anything; there is no worship in it."

Mr. Alcott.—"But in this feeling of wonder and admiration which it has, is there not the beginning of worship that will at last find its object?"

Josiah.—"No; there is not even the beginning of worship. It must have some temptation, I think, before it can know the thing to worship."

Such conversations as the above, it must be remembered, were undertaken in the theoretical interest of Mr. Alcott and a few of his acquaintances, not in that of the children; amongst these, however, the philosopher became famous, and, on one occasion, at the end of a conversation, the children overpowered him, and placed on his head a wreath of flowers which some of the larger girls had carefully contrived from various contributions. And, though I have a lurking suspicion that these children would have been better employed (especially Josiah) eating gingerbread and spinning tops in the back lot, nevertheless, there is such a grand advance in the mild enthusiast's conversation over Michael

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Wigglesworth's "Domesday Booke," with its meditations on the divine glory manifested in the damnation of infants, which was a children's school-book in New England in early times, that I will give it as my conviction that rarely has a chaplet been more gracefully bestowed, or more fitly worn, than upon those white hairs that, on this childlike man, recall the phrase in which Orpheus describes such as "the white blossom of old age." The reader has doubtless recalled the similar conversations, held for an hour each day, by Jean Paul Richter, with the little children of his school at Schwarzenbach, and the record of it which he called his "Bon-mot Anthology." My belief is that Alcott knew nothing of this experiment when his own was undertaken; but it is, as Richter's English biographer remarks, "curious to see that German children and Boston children, making allowance for difference of age, make very much the same observations."

Since this time, Mr. Alcott has held his conversations with circles of grown-up people. And he has certainly not escaped the trials which an energetic Platonist would naturally incur in disseminating his ideas in a very practical age and country.* The logician and the humorist were his mortal foes. On one occasion the simple-hearted philosopher, having divided the entity *Man* into the *Knower*, the *Thinker*, the *Actor*, was interrupted by a religiously-trained lady with the question, whether the *Knower*, which she understood phonetically, was the same that was saved in the Ark. Some student of Cambridge was wicked enough to mystify the philosopher and the company by inquiring what he thought "of the late theory of Verdantius Grün, that the moon is a mass of sweitzerocaceous mat-

* Profane parodies floated about, of which the following is a specimen:—

"The world-soul rusheth
Into the world's strife,—
Hope gusheth
Anew for life.
From the sky
Stars
Fall;
In the wood
Bars
Growl:—
But what of that, O brave Heart?
Art thou laborer?
Labor
On!
Art thou Poet?
Go it
Strong!"

ter, congealed from the uberous glands of the lacteal nebula?" which one of his accomplices earnestly maintained to be the philosophy of Xeno modernized. Some earthly minds also set afloat the following as one of the "Orphic utterances:" "And why, too, we may tremblingly ask, is the nose placed in the front of the countenance, stretching toward the infinite, but that it may attain, as it were, a foreshell of the illimitable?"

It would scarcely be just if I did not give the reader some of the extemporaneous sayings of this devout idealist, taken down from time to time, to suggest the more important elements in these conversations, which have made them acceptable in the most intelligent American communities to this day. "Action translates death into life; fable into verity; speculation into experience; freeing man from the sorceries of tradition and the torpor of habit. The eternal Scripture is thus expurgated of the falsehoods interpolated into it by the supineness of the ages. Action mediates between conscience and sense: it is the gospel of the understanding." "Choice implies apostasy. The pure, unfallen soul is above choice." "In theocracy of the soul majorities do not rule." "Beelzebub marshals majorities. Prophets and reformers are always special enemies of his, and his minions. Multitudes ever lie. Every age is a Judas, and betrays its Messiahs into the hands of the multitude. The voice of the private not popular heart is alone authentic." "The hunger of an age is alike a presentiment and a pledge of its own supply." "Prudence is the footprint of wisdom." "To benefit another, either by word or deed, you must have passed from the state in which he is to a higher. Experience is both law and method of all tuition, all influence." "Opinions are life in foliage; deeds in fruitage. Always is the fruitless tree accursed." "To apprehend a miracle, a man must have wrought it." "The true teacher defends his pupils against his own personal influence. He inspires self-trust." "Obedience is the mediator of the soul."

What further I have to say concerning the society into which I have tried to introduce the reader can best be given directly as personal reminiscences. These relate to the last twelve years, during which I have known much of Concord and its inhabitants, and

during a portion of which I have resided there.

It was some fifteen years ago that I first met with a sentence from the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Into old Virginia, where I was born and then lived, literary importations from England were permitted, and sometimes occurred; but the quarantine on all that hailed from New England was very strict. This single sentence came to me in an English magazine, as I lay under the shade—the Virginian's normal position—on the banks of the beautiful Rappahannock, since then reddened with brave blood. Thenceforth the world was for me changed! I went to the bookstores in Fredericksburg, and inquired for Emerson's works. No bookseller there had ever heard of any writer of that name. They *had* Emerson's arithmetic! At length, by bringing over from Falmouth the magazine in which I encountered the sentence, I persuaded a bookseller that there was such a writer, and he promised to try and get his works for me. And one day I actually did find myself locked in my room, with the "Essays" in my hand! But already, in that one great sentence,—which I can never bring myself to quote,—my Prospero had waved his wand, and my revels were ended: the fowling-piece and the law-book, which had before divided my days, were laid aside forever. To my anxious parents and friends the word "Emerson" conveyed no impression whatever, until, on one occasion, a lady, who heard that I had turned hermit to study "Emerson," was interested to come and warn them, that her father had once employed a young man from the North as instructor in his household; that this young man read Emerson; that he was a general unbeliever of the doctrines of the Church, and, in fact they feared, a sceptic; that he had died of consumption, and that his last words were "Send my love to R. W. Emerson, who has done more for me than any other on earth." This created a serious panic in our household; and it did appear, when the catechetical test was applied, that I was absorbed in very different reflections from those which had been instilled by early training. Three or four years given to the bitter work of uttering the eternal adieu to the hereditary church and state, and to the untwining of restraining arms, and I am ready to listen to whatever still small voice may be sent. This

brings me to Cambridge Divinity College. But here I am only to rest awhile; soon a bright morning finds me at the door of him whose little sentence, crossing the ocean, had bounded back to seek me out in the woods, where, but for it, I might now have been prowling, not after river-game, but after those whom I have learned to know as brothers.

My note of introduction was presented, and my welcome was cordial. Emerson was, apparently, yet young; he was tall, slender, of light complexion; his step was elastic, his manner easy and simple, and his voice at once relieved me of the trembling with which I stood before him,—the first great man I had ever seen. (I had seen, however, Webster, and the President, and men called great at Washington.) He proposed to take me on a walk; and whilst he was preparing, I had the opportunity of looking about the library. Over the mantel hung an excellent copy of Michael Angelo's "Paræ;" on it there were two statuettes of Goethe, of whom, also, there were engraved portraits on the walls. Afterward Emerson showed me eight or ten portraits of Goethe which he had carefully collected. The next in favor was Dante, of whom he had all the known likenesses, including various photographs of the mask of Dante, made at Ravenna. Besides the portraits of Shakespeare, Montaigne, and Swedenborg, I remember nothing else on the walls of the library. The bookshelves were well filled with select works, amongst which I was only struck with the many curious Oriental productions, some in Sanscrit. He had, too, many editions in Greek and English, of Plato, which had been carefully read and marked. The furniture of the room was antique and simple. There were, on one side of the room, four considerable shelves, completely occupied by his MSS., of which there were enough, one might suppose, to have furnished a hundred printed volumes, instead of the seven which he has given the world, though under perpetual pressure for more from the publishers and the public.

On this first walk Emerson took me to the Walden Water. This lakelet, which has inspired as many poems, perhaps, as any in the world, is certainly very beautiful. It is on the eastern verge of Emerson's farm, and he has made it public property. A pure white crystal, in setting of emerald, clear and

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calm, there being no known inlet or outlet to it, one can scarcely imagine a more fitting spot for the haunt of a poet. As soon as we reached it, its fascinations were felt, and in a few moments we were suspended far out in its delicious embrace. Of all the waters I have ever seen this was the most transparent; to the depth of ten or twelve feet one could see the fishes and the rocks it held.

Having bathed, we sat down on the shore; and then Walden and her beautiful woods began to utter their psalms through his lips. Emerson's conversation was different from that of any one I have ever met with, and unequalled by that of any one, unless it be Thomas Carlyle. Of course there is no comparison of the two possibles; but the contrasts between them are very striking and significant. In speaking of that which he conceives to be ignorant error, Mr. Carlyle is vehement, and where he suspects an admixture of falsehood and hypocrisy, his tone is that of rage; and although this indignation is noble and the utterances always thrilling, yet when one recurs to the little man or thing at which they are often levelled, it seems to be like the bombardment of a sparrow's nest with shot and shell. On such Emerson merely darts a spare beam of his wit, beneath which a lie is sure to shrivel; but if he breaks any one on his wheel, it must be some one who has been admitted at the banquet of the gods, and violated their laws. Every one who has witnessed the imperial dignity, or felt the weight of authentic knowledge, which characterize Mr. Carlyle's conversation, to such an extent that even his light utterances seem to stand out like pillars of Hercules, must also have felt the earth tremble before the thunders and lightnings of his wrath; but with Emerson, though the same falsehood is fatally smitten, it is by the invisible, inaudible sunstroke, which has left the sky as bright and blue as before. For the rest, and where abstract truths and principles are discussed, whilst Carlyle astonishes by the range of his sifted knowledge, he does not convey an equal impression of having originally thought out the various problems involved in other departments than those which are plainly his own; but there is scarcely a realm of science or art in which Emerson could not be to some extent the instructor of the academies. Agassiz, as I have heard him say, prefers his conversa-

tion on scientific questions to that of any other.

I remember him on that day at Walden as Bunyan's pilgrim might have remembered the Interpreter. The growths around, the arrow-head and the orchis, were intimations of that mystic unity in nature, which is the fountain of poetry to him; either of these, or of many others of the remarkably rich vegetable fauna of that region, excited emotions much more solemn than the æsthetic in him. He fully felt that if we only knew how to look around, we would not have need to look above. He called me to observe that the voices of some fishermen out on the water, talking about their affairs, were intoned by the distance and the water into music; and that the curves which their oars made, marked under the sunlight in silver, made a succession of bows which Diana might covet, I remember to have thought that the local legend of the Indian on whom there was a spell, which forbade the rain or the sunshine to fall on him, was here changed, and that on this one there was a spell, that caused whatever elements should touch him to crystallize into manifold forms of truth and beauty. On the religious or theological points, about which there was a renewed excitement on account of the tendencies of one class in the prevailing denomination (the Unitarian) to go to the Episcopal Church, of another to Swedenborgianism,—both due to that of a still larger class to admit the views of Theodore Parker,—he was not deeply interested; and coming from the heated debates at our Cambridge Divinity College to him, could be only symbolized by the plunge from the hot atmosphere into Walden, which we had enjoyed. "I am not much interested in these discussions; but still it does seem deplorable that there is such a tendency in some people to creeds which would take man back to the Chimpanzee." "I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian too; I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another." Of Theodore Parker he said, it was "a great comfort to remember that there was one sane voice heard among the religious and political affairs of America." He could not go to church, but supported the village minister because it was well "to have a conscientious man to sit on school committees, to help at town meetings, to attend the sick and the dead." The thing he hated most

was sickness, and often quoted Dr. Johnson's declaration "that every man is a rascal when he is sick." "Sickness is utterly selfish; a ghoul, feeding on all in the house." "These outward complaints one cannot help suspecting originate in inner complaints: when one is sick, I am inclined to think something the devil is the matter." "Virtue is health."

In 1852, when I entered the University at Cambridge, Emerson's influence was confined to a few; and these were in the Divinity College, where his influence was dreaded. The Secular University had for its idols the governor, the senators, and particularly Daniel Webster. These were the men who occupied the chief seats on the platform at Commencements. Emerson's idea of the scholar was a very high and exacting one; he was to be of a different caste from others. He insisted that the whole plan of educating young men was subverted: the merchants send their sons to the University, not that they may return to trail truth and ideas in the old mires of trade and selfishness, but for just the reverse,—that they should be trained in those higher forces which are needed to lift men out of those old ruts. The merchants mean if they could only express it, "we have educated you in order that you might *not* be one of us; we do not wish you to come and show us how truth and justice may be evaded by cotton and sugar: we have been long under that harrow of low interests, and have adjourned our nobler lives to you." This is the undertone even of the flatteries and plaudits with which they may feel committed to meet the orator or literary man, who descends even for their interests to compromise with King Creed or King Cotton. Nevertheless, Webster was still the idol of Cambridge when he returned about that same time from Washington, crowned by the "solid men of Boston," as he who had saved the Union of the States from dissolution, whilst others were in sackcloth, that their State should have purchased that or any other boon at such a cost as surrendering itself to be the free hunting-ground of slave-catchers. The lecture-room was crowded with students when Emerson uttered the words which have been so well remembered in New England,—"Every drop of his blood has eyes that look downward. He knows the heroes of '76 well enough; he does not know the heroes of to-day, when he meets them in the streets,"—and the sentence was cut in two by

a hurricane of hisses. It was the first time he had ever been hissed at Cambridge, or, perhaps, anywhere; but he seemed scarcely to hear it, and when it was over took up the very next word in the sentence and completed it. There was a certain power in his masterly quietness during this interruption, which had a deep effect; and though the relentless anatomy of the favorite orator proceeded for yet thirty minutes, no other hiss was heard.

From this time the interest of the students in Emerson increased, and when, soon after, Webster died from grief at having failed to receive the seat in the White House, for which he had betrayed Freedom, I think Emerson and his opinions became the leading themes at the University. During that winter (1852) quite a number of students got together one night and went in sleighs to Concord—some twenty miles—to hear a lecture which he was advertised to deliver there. When we arrived, it was found that the lecture had been, for some local reason postponed. Emerson was, however, much moved at seeing such a train of young men who had come so far to hear him, and invited them to his house where the evening was passed in interesting conversation. Emerson then agreed to compensate us by coming down to Cambridge and reading, in one of our rooms, one of his lectures. The arrangement was made, and, besides the students present, there were Longfellow, Lowell, and several other poets. The lecture was on poetry; and the effect of it was electrical. When it was over, there was a deep silence which no one seemed willing to break, but Otto Dressel, the first musical artist in America, who was present, went to the piano and gave three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words,"—which said all that could be said; after which the company separated.

During the ensuing long (summer) vacation I resided at Concord, Mr. Emerson having kindly consented to give me some advice about reading, and offered me the use of his books. He introduced to me then all of the Old English Chronicles, as published by Bohn; Beaumont and Fletcher, and the early English poets; Plato, Boehme, Bhagavat Geeta, Hafiz, the Desatir, some of the Puranas and the Redekunste (Von Hammer). He did not care much about the modern poets, except Wordsworth, whom he spoke of as "the great mod-

ern poet." He said, also, "When Nature wants an artist, she makes Tennyson." He had read Robert Browning partly only, but with deep interest. "'Paracelsus,'" he said, "is the wail of the nineteenth century."

It was during that summer that I first saw A. H. Clough, the English poet, between whom and Mr. Emerson existed a close intellectual sympathy and an intimate acquaintance. Mr. Emerson was the first American who recognized the subtle genius of the young Oxonian, and had advised the publication of the "Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," which gained such a great popularity in New England twelve or thirteen years ago,—a popularity which it has retained. Mr. Clough did not so much find, in America, friends as lovers. There was not one superior person who was not pleased to meet him; and when the tidings came that he was to be married, no box of ordinary size was sufficient to hold the presents that his literary friends were eager to send him. I am anxious to claim, as to the credit of the cultivated circles of American society, that this deep friendship and hearty welcome were extended to one who came so quietly, whose genius was without affectation, and culture without ostentation.

"He had built not fame, but a godlike soul."

He did not, however, appear much in society, but could be more frequently seen strolling in the groves at Cambridge, around the residence of his dear friends, Charles Norton and his sisters, or in the woods at Concord, with the one in whom he had long years before recognized a master.

"Nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla
Nascuntur violæ?"

Here, too, came Theodore Parker from the thick of that final battle for free thought which was planned when Luther tore Tetzels list from the church-door. He hit hard, and no blow was too hard for the Unitarians to deal to the man who justified all the taunting prophecies of the orthodox as to the inevitable results of their position. Yet those who were in bitterest antagonism to Parker knew that every poor or wronged man in Boston followed him with a silent benediction as he walked the street. When I was leaving Virginia for Massachusetts, a negro woman belonging to my father confided to me that her husband, who had escaped the year before,

was in Boston, and sent by me a message to him. When I arrived in Boston, I found that it was difficult to discover any particular negro, on account of the apprehensions concerning slave-catchers which the recent passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill had excited. On mentioning this to a distinguished Unitarian minister of the old school, who had been a severe antagonist of Parker, he said, frankly, "The only man that can help you thoroughly in finding this negro is Theodore Parker." To Parker, then, I repaired. He took me from street to street where negroes resided, and wherever he went the poor creatures received him with joy, even to tears. Never have I seen such adoration extended to a man as that which welled up from the hearts of these lowly creatures, to whom his services had not been rendered in brave words alone. All of these negroes were of various orthodox churches; yet for them, all that came from Parker was piety, even his refusal, which I heard, to pray for the deliverance of a fugitive slave, who sent, from the jail, petitions to the various churches that they would so pray. Parker read it, and said that he did not believe in asking God to do their work. During the week he joined in the ineffectual effort at rescuing the slave.

My reader has by this time seen that the story I am telling is a prickly-pear growth,—one leaf budding out from another,—and will therefore indulge me in a few other reminiscences of Parker. I remember well the first Sunday on which I entered the great Music Hall at Boston. There was something triumphal in the scene of the four or five thousand well-dressed and cheerful people gathered in that beautiful hall, with its pure white walls, and lofty blue ceiling, which almost cheated the eye into believing that it was looking through to the sky beyond. When the choir, which was behind the preacher, had sung an anthem from Mendelssohn, the grave and even sad-looking man arose for an utterance which could scarcely be called a prayer, but was more like a spoken hymn of thankfulness. He began, "Our heavenly Father and our Mother," in a voice which blended, in a most notable degree, earnestness and tenderness,—a voice which can never be forgotten by any who have heard it, and was the only outward endowment of oratory which Parker possessed. No matter what

he said, no one could even associate with it any idea of affectation or levity. Thus in this very prayer, as it would be called, he prayed for a charity which might even include political conservatives. "There are many mean men in high position in Boston; but they cannot help it,—they are made mean; they will grind the weak and rob the poor; their lips will deny what their hearts know to be true and just; they are mean,—but they cannot help it; help us, Spirit of Charity, to triumph here over our strongest temptation, and love instead of hating these,—with a love too faithful to be mistaken for indulgence of their baseness." I have often smiled, remembering these words, but I believe that few could have smiled hearing them; for each word struggled out and fell ponderous and full of sorrow. Then he read out, for the hymn, Sir H. Wotton's verses, beginning,—

"How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill!"

After this came the discourse,—he never called any production a "sermon." He arose quietly, and continued quietly; there was no raising of the voice, but when he was especially moved in any utterance, it was indicated by a lowering of the voice. A gesture of any kind was extremely rare; there was but one in the discourse to which I am referring, when his finger pointed to a violet by way of illustration; for whatever flower was blooming was sure to be laid on his desk. Plain, direct, calm, without art or flourish, the vast audience was motionless for whatever length of time the discourse should occupy, and it was almost never less than an hour; for in this discourse every word was loaded with a thought; there were masses of information conveyed, there were interpretations of nature, and a bravery and honesty of statement which were exciting enough without rhetoric. All this was very powerful, and under some passages the people bent as before a strong wind.

Before such a man, as may be imagined, the casuists of Boston could prevail only among those who would not admit that he should have a hearing. He did not hold long arguments in controversies, but gave formidable replies in single sentences. He was once accused by Dr. Gannett, before the Min-

isterial Conference, of using unchristian language concerning Judge Curtis, who belonged to Dr. Gannett's church,—that which Dr. Channing once ministered to. Judge Curtis's offence, for which Parker had publicly denounced him, was the vehement effort which he had made to return to slavery William and Ellen Crafts, who had journeyed a thousand miles for freedom, she disguised as a Southern gentleman, her husband being his body-servant. It was the same William Crafts who last year at Newcastle defended, against Dr. Hunt, his right to be considered a man. He and his wife were concealed some days in Parker's study, whilst Parker wrote at the door, with several loaded pistols, and the gun which his father had used in the Revolution, by his side. Curtis, however, was about to prevail, when the fugitives were smuggled off to England. Then Parker attacked Curtis, and therefore Dr. Gannett attacked him. In his apology, Parker began, "You see, Mr. Chairmen and gentlemen, the thing was this: a member of Dr. Gannett's church tried to kidnap two of mine." Under the explosion of laughter which followed this, Dr. Gannett beat a retreat, and the matter ended.

Mr. Parker would respect intellectual honesty wherever he found it. There was an editor in the State of Virginia who boldly maintained slavery on grounds which were then regarded in the South as subversive of many orthodox views, but which Parker believed were the only grounds upon which an intelligent man could base any honest attempt to defend that institution. So he subscribed for the paper and always read it carefully; and indeed, such faith had he in the honesty of that editor, that when they both were in Europe, the one as a *charge d'affaires*, the other as an invalid, he did not hesitate to make (though he was not in need of friends) a personal request to this very fiery Southerner.

The temper on both sides, in the controversy between him and the Unitarians, will appear in the following facts. When our class at Cambridge, that of 1854, was about to be graduated, the majority of us were, at least, rationalistic, and all had an admiration for Mr. Parker. We had concluded to elect him to deliver the annual discourse at our graduation, an honor which he might naturally have coveted, as indicative of the

progress of his opinions. * But when we waited for him, he said, "I should rejoice to do it; but the faculty have already been embarrassed by the reputation of your class for religious radicalism, and it is not right to press them further: therefore I decline: get a liberal man less notorious than myself." He then suggested Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, who delivered the address. After us there came a class that cared less about embarrassing the faculty, and which, without consulting Mr. Parker, voted to invite him to deliver the address. The faculty, violating the legal rights of the Alumni, refused to allow him to address them. The youths stood their ground, and so there was no address that year, but a silence more eloquent than anything that had been heard there since Emerson's oration twenty years before.

But I must now follow Parker to Concord, where he came to recover from his wounds by contact with nature, whether represented in the Mayflowers or the Brahmin of the meadows, who could expound

"The Vedas of the violet."

Parker, if he had not been so important to the religious revolution going on in New England, would have been distinguished as a botanist. He knew by heart and by name every plant of New England, and had a tender love for flowers. Their presence always excited him to exultation. I remember once strolling with him in the woods, when we came across an early violet. He sat down by it and gazed on it for some time in silence. Then he said, "There is a miracle-sense in man which should be respected: man is too near to the divine mystery of existence not to clutch at anything that seems to declare it. At present, men feed that mystic part, that miracle-sense, with church fables, as a man who has not bread will eat grass and berries rather than starve; but when man has got so far as to see God full in that flower, nature will so rise as a miraculous dawn above him that the legendary night-fires will sink to pale ashes."

In his deep communion with Emerson, the first of men to him, Parker cooled his hot temples, and went back to his fight serene and happy; he came up feeling that Boston was a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones; he went back convinced that it was the "hub of the universe," as Dr. Holmes

has described it. But after such visits some of Emerson's virtue had, it used to be said, gone out of him; and he was wont to regard mankind, or at least the world, as a failure. At any rate, there is an allegorical story current that once, immediately after Parker had parted from Emerson on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered Parker, and cried, "Sir, do you not know that the world is coming to an end?" Upon which Parker replied, "My good man, that doesn't concern me: I live in Boston." The same fanatic, overtaking Emerson, announced in the same terms the approach of the end of the world; upon which Emerson replied, "I am glad of it, sir: man will get along much better without it!"

The advent of Agassiz at Cambridge was an important event in connection with the intellectual activity of the country. M. Agassiz was soon instructing the American people, north, south, east, and west. He also made acquaintance with every superior person; and thus the whole nation was put under contribution to furnish him with specimens. Old fishermen on the coasts were found carefully setting aside every fish suspected of any eccentricity, and huntsmen in the far West every peculiar feather, as choice morsels for this distinguished guest of the nation. To the young men at Cambridge, who were his pupils, he was a great assistance, because of his sympathy—amounting to enthusiasm—for every effort at independent investigation. At the end of every week a portion of the afternoon was given to questionings of Agassiz by the students. These became invariably earnest discussions, which lasted until late hours, and always turning upon the origin of species, and showing a tendency to the Darwinian theory, which M. Agassiz must have concluded to be the original depravity of the scientific mind, as I believe there was not a student or professor at Cambridge who did not adopt it. At least once in every fortnight Agassiz would take us to the seashore to study geology and zoölogy. Generally it was at Nahant that we spent such glorious days. It was easy for him to find there, for lecture-desks and charts, rocks veined with mica and hornblende, and beaches strewn with sea-urchins, star-fishes, and often rarer forms.

But Agassiz was very fond of Concord, where he gave lectures at times, and where

he often went to exchange with his friend Emerson the new facts and observations which were always flowing into his world-wide nets, for the philosophical interpretations which with the transcendentalist were always awaiting and anticipating such facts and discoveries. Emerson had a scientific method of the severest kind, and could not be carried away by any theories. But it was not so with all of Emerson's friends. I remember well being present at Emerson's when Agassiz and Alcott had a most remarkable conversation.

"I have long desired," says Alcott, "to bring my views of creation to the severest scientific test. To me the idea that man is the development from lower orders of beings is a subversion of the truth."

"I agree with you entirely," exclaims Agassiz, with a somewhat pleased glance at the rest of the company, whom he knew to be inclined to the hypothesis of Darwin.

"Yes, sir," continues Alcott, "an exact subversion of the truth. Man, I take it, was the first created being; was he not?"

Agassiz (in some dismay).—"I don't know that I exactly understand!"

Alcott.—"Why, it is manifest that God could never have created a miserable, poisonous snake and filthy vermin and malignant tigers."

Agassiz (embarrassed).—"Well, who could have created them?"

Alcott (seeing with sorrow that Agassiz is as materialistic as the rest).—"Must we not conclude that these evil beasts which fill the world are the various forms of human sins? That when man was created they did not exist, but were originated by his lusts and animalisms?"

Agassiz (bewildered).—"But geology shows that these beasts existed many ages before man."

Alcott.—"But may man not have created these things before he appeared in his present form?"

Here Agassiz gave that signal of distress which in company is unmistakable: he looked at his watch. Emerson came to the rescue when the worthy naturalist was on the brink of despair, and suggested that probably the two would comprehend the positions of each other, if Mr. Alcott's theory were given in more scientific rhetoric. "Doubtless he meant that man was the primal idea and pur-

pose of nature; that these things which swim, fly, creep, are so many *short-comings* of man,—that is, they fall short of being men at this or that degree, and thus represent some as yet uncontrolled animalism of human nature. Thus they may be man flying or creeping; and though as forms they may be anterior, *the type* they are trying to realize (i. e., man) may be anterior to them; in fact, the type must be in some sense their creator."

After this Agassiz had the look of a man who has taken to the sea to avoid a fire (for he suspected some Darwinism in every word of Emerson's); and Alcott had the look of having been cheated; for he did not recognize his scientific summer-house in Emerson's fabric; whilst the host, not without some wicked twinklings in his eye, assured the company that faith and science had been reconciled, the conflict of ages ended, and dinner ready.

But the chief attraction to men of science that Concord presented was, that it was the home—so far as he could be said to have any—of that strange apparition that bore the name of Thoreau,—a man of such wonderful, even unparalleled, intimacy with nature that his biography when it is written will seem like a myth. Of this man, who, next to Emerson, is certainly the most notable American product, I have said the least; and this because his life in the woods and the secrets confided to him by nature merit a separate narrative, which I hope to be able to prepare for English readers.

"He was Emerson's forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart."

Though Concord has been recognized as the literary centre of America, its society was far removed from anything stilted and pretentious in that direction. The standard of culture was indeed high, and the young people formed themselves into classes for the study of languages and other branches; but equally celebrated in the surrounding villages, and in Boston, were the Concord picnics, theatricals, skating-parties, May festivities, and berryings. The philosophers of the village were on terms of intimacy with the children, and it was a rule there that to their merry expeditions should be invited "all children from

six to sixty years of age." Hawthorne having removed from the Old Manse, the mirthful fairies have in these last years avenged themselves on the sombre spirits of his dynasty by making it the cheerful home of the family of Mrs. Ripley, well known to the naturalists on account of her valuable collection of lichens, and to the Cambridge professors on account of her success in training young men for the university. It is said that a learned gentleman once called to see this lady, and found her hearing at once the lesson of one student in Sophocles, and that of another in Differential Calculus; at the same time rocking her grandchild's cradle with one foot, and shelling peas for dinner,—a story not at all incredible, and given here because somewhat characteristic of a class of

the women of New England. The Old Manse gradually became a social heart to the village, in distinction from the philosophical capitol at the other end, with which, however, it was in close alliance.

Once in that neighborhood I met with an unquiet soul, yearning for a higher social condition, which had shaped itself to his mind after the pattern shown by Charles Fourier. "Have you ever heard," I said, "of the child that went about lamenting and searching for the beautiful butterfly which she had lost? The butterfly had softly alighted upon her head, and sat there while the search went on. May not this fable apply to one who, living in Concord, searches as far as France for a true society?"

W. D. Conway

WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT SUNNYSIDE.—MESSRS. Moore, McQueen, & Co., of Berners Street, have published an engraving, by Mr. T. O. Barlow, from an extremely interesting design by Mr. F. O. C. Darley, an American artist, representing Washington Irving, at his house at Sunnyside, surrounded by the chief literary celebrities of his country. The figure and face of Irving himself are rather feeble; but most of the others present very grand varieties of human intellect. In the well-written little book which accompanies the engraving, the authors grouped round the central figure are thus indicated: "Prescott, evidently the last speaker, bends towards him his handsome, intellectual face in an earnest and inquiring manner; while behind him stands Longfellow, thoughtfully attentive for the momentarily-expected response from the presiding spirit of the occasion. At the left hand of Irving, sits Fennimore Cooper, conscious of his own brilliant fame, yet cordially mindful of the still higher eminence of his great contemporary. A little behind Cooper, we see the happy, smiling face of Ralph Waldo Emerson, hopeful of all good things, and indifferently content with his Carlylian reputation as the most original thinker in America. The front line of this portion of the group includes the strong, decisive profile of Bancroft, in the attentive attitude of an expectant listener. Thus we have, as the prominent interest of the picture, the admirable and lifelike portraits of the representative writers of America, in history, philosophy, romance, and poetry, naturally and characteristically disposed. The fine conception of the artist is happi-

ly enlivened by the introduction of other of the hospitable Knickerbocker's friends and intimates, scarcely less distinguished in the literary world than those thus especially honored. Bryant stands near the window, pensively meditating on those melancholy days that annually cast their shade of sadness over Nature's varying face; and opposite him is seen Hawthorne, already wandering in imagination through those mysterious chambers in the 'House with the Seven Gables,' through whose dusky windows was destined to stream the clear sunshine of his prolific fancy. Tuckerman is charging his memory with the characteristic points of the celebrities before him, and Willis is treasuring a 'jotting down,' and a piquant item for his 'Seeings and Hearings,' worthy of mention." The plate is executed in mixed line and stipple, and is certainly a most interesting memorial of a splendid literary company, some of which are now removed from amongst us.—*London Review*, 2 July.

A MEMORIAL is about to be erected by public subscription over the grave of poor John Clare at Helpston, in Northamptonshire. The late Lord Spencer granted a yearly pension of £10 to the poet, which is continued by the present earl to the widow. A new edition of Clare's Poems is about to be published for the benefit of the widow, by Messrs. Whittaker & Co., illustrated with photographic views, etc., by Mrs. Higgins of Stamford.—*Reader*.

PART XII.—CHAPTER, XII.

EAVESDROPPING.

If M'Caskey was actually startled by the vicinity in which he suddenly found himself to the persons within the room, he was even more struck by the tone of the voice which now met his ear. It was Norman Maitland who spoke, and he recognized him at once. Pacing the large room in its length, he passed before the windows quite close to where M'Caskey stood,—so close, indeed, that he could mark the agitation on his features, and note the convulsive twitchings that shook his cheek.

The other occupant of the room was a lady; but M'Caskey could only see the heavy folds of her dark velvet dress as she sat apart, and so distant that he could not hear her voice.

"So, then, it comes to this!" said Maitland, stopping in his walk and facing where she sat: "I have made this wearisome journey for nothing! Would it not have been as easy to say he would not see me? It was no pleasure to me to travel some hundred miles and be told at the end of it I had come for nothing."

She murmured something inaudible to M'Caskey, but to which Maitland quickly answered, "I know all that; but why not let me hear this from his own lips, and let him hear what I can reply to it? He will tell me of the vast sums I have squandered and the heavy debts I have contracted; and I would tell him that in following his rash counsels I have dissipated years that would have won me distinction in any land of Europe."

Again she spoke; but before she uttered many words, he broke suddenly in with, "No no, no! ten thousand times. No! I knew the monarchy was rotten,—rotten to the very core; but I said, Better to die in the street *à cheval* than behind the arras on one's knees. Have it out with the scoundrels, and let the best man win,—that was the advice I gave. Ask Caraffa, ask Filangieri, ask Acton, if I did not always say, 'If the king is not ready to do as much for his crown as the humblest peasant would for his cabin, let him abdicate at once.'"

She murmured something, and he interrupted her with, "Because I never did—never would—and never will trust to priestcraft. All the intrigues of the Jesuits, all the craft of the whole college of cardinals, will not bring back confidence in the monarchy. But why do I talk of these things to you? Go

back and ask him to see me. Say that I have many things to tell him; say"—and here the mockery of his voice became conspicuous—"that I would wish much to have his advice on certain points.—And why not?" cried he aloud to something she said; "has my new nobility no charm for him? Well, then, I am ready to strike a bargain with him. I owe Caffarelli two hundred and eighty thousand francs, which I mean to pay, if I take to the highway to do it. Hush! don't interrupt me. I am not asking he should pay this for me; all I want is, that he will enable me to sell that villa which he gave me some years ago beyond Caserta. Yes, the 'Torricella'; I knew all that—it was a royal present. It never had the more value in my eyes for that; and perhaps the day is not very distant when the right to it may be disputed. Let him make out my title, such as it is, so that I can sell it. There are Jews who will surely take it at one-half its worth. Get him to consent to this, and I am ready to pledge my word that he has seen the last of me."

"He gave it to you as a wedding present, Norman," said she, haughtily; and now her deep-toned voice rung out clear and strong; "and it will be an unpardonable offence to ask him this."

"Have I not told you that I shall not need forgiveness,—that with this act all ends between us?"

"I will be no party to this," said she, haughtily; and she arose and walked out upon the terrace. As she passed, the lamp-light flared strongly on her features, and M'Caskey saw a face he had once known well; but what a change was there! The beautiful Nina Brancalèon—the dark-haired Norma—the belle that Byron used to toast with an enthusiasm of admiration—was a tall woman advanced in years, and with two masses of snow-white hair on either side of a pale face. The dark eyes, indeed, flashed brightly still, and the eyebrows were dark as of yore; but the beautifully-formed mouth was hard and thin-lipped, and the fair brow marked with many a strong line of pain.

"You forget, perhaps," said she, after a short pause,—“you forget that it is from this villa I take my title. I am Brancalèon della Torricella, and I forfeit the name when it leaves our hands."

"And do you hold to this, mother?"

asked he, in a voice of sorrow, through which something of scorn was detectable.

"Do I hold to it? Of course I hold to it! You know well the value it has in his eyes. Without it he never would have consented"—she stopped suddenly, and seemed to catch herself in time to prevent the utterance of some rash avowal. "As it is," added she, "he told me so late as yesterday that he has no rest nor peace, thinking over his brother's son, and the great wrong he has done him."

"Let him think of the greater wrong he has done me!—of my youth that he has wasted, and my manhood lost and shipwrecked. But for him and his weak ambition, I had belonged to a party who would have prized my ability and rewarded my courage. I would not find myself at thirty brigaded with a set of low-hearted priests and seminarists, who have no other weapons than treachery, nor any strategy but lies. If I have squandered his fortune, he has beggared me in reputation. He does not seem to remember these things. As to him whom he would prefer to me and make his heir, I have seen him."

"You have seen him, Norman! When?—where?—how?" cried she, in wild impatience.

"Yes, I even had a plan to let the uncle meet his promising nephew. I speculated on bringing together two people more made for mutual detestation than any other two in Europe."

"It would have been a rash venture!" said she, fiercely.

"If you mean for *me*, that was the very reason I thought of it. What other game than the rash one is open to a man like *me*?"

"Who ever had the safer road to fortune if he could have walked with the commonest prudence?" said she, bitterly.

"How can you say that? Talk of prudence to the man who has no fortune, no family, not even a name—no!" cried he, fiercely; "for by the first Maitland I met I might be challenged to say from what stock I came. He could have saved me from all this. Nothing was ever easier. You yourself asked,—ay, begged this. You told me you begged it on your knees; and, I own, if I never forgave him for refusing, I have never forgiven you for the entreaty."

"And I would do it again to-day!" cried

she, passionately. "Let him but acknowledge you, Norman, and he may turn me out upon the world houseless and a beggar, and I will bless him for it!"

"What a curse is on the bastard!" broke he out in a savage vehemence, "if it robs him of every rightful sentiment, and poisons even a mother's love. Do not talk to me this way, or you will drive me mad!"

"Oh, Norman! my dear, dear Norman!" cried she, passionately; "it is not yet too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Not too late to gain back his favor. When he saw the letter in the king's hand, calling you Count of Amalfi, he said, 'This looks ill for the monarchy. I have a Scotch earldom myself in my family, granted by another king the day after he had lost his own crown.' Try, then, if you cannot rally to the cause those men who are so much under your influence that, as you have often told me, they only wanted to be assured of your devotion to pledge their own. If *he* could believe the cause triumphant, there is nothing he would not do to uphold it."

"Yes," said he, thoughtfully, "there never lived the man who more worshipped success! The indulgences that he heaped upon myself were merely offerings to a career of insolent triumph."

"You never loved him, Norman," said she, sadly.

"Love had no share in the compact between us. He wanted to maintain a cause which, if successful, must exclude from power in England the men who had insulted him, and turned him out of office. I wanted some one who could afford to pay my debts, and leave me free to contract more. But why talk to you about these intrigues?—once more, will he see me?"

She shook her head slowly in dissent. "Could you not write to 'him, Norman?" said she at last.

"I will not write to a man under the same roof as myself. I have some news for him," added he, "if he cares to buy it by an audience; for I suppose he would make it an audience," and the last word he gave with deep scorn.

"Let me bring him the tidings."

"No, he shall hear them from myself, or not hear them at all. I want this villa!" cried he, passionately—"I want the title to

sell it, and pay off a debt that is crushing me. Go, then, and say I have something of importance enough to have brought me down some hundred miles to tell him something that deeply concerns the cause he cares for, and to which his counsel would be invaluable."

"And this is true?"

"Did I ever tell you a falsehood, mother?" asked he, in a voice of deep and sorrowful meaning.

"I will go," said she, after a few moments of thought, and left the room. Maitland took a bottle of some essenced water from the table and bathed his forehead. He had been more agitated than he cared to confess; and now that he was alone, and, as he believed, unobserved, his features betrayed a deep depression. As he sat with his head leaning on both hands, the door opened. "Come," said she, gently,—"come!" He arose and followed her. No sooner was all quiet around than M'Caskey rowed swiftly back to his quarters, and, packing up hastily his few effects, made with all speed for the little bay, where was the village he had passed on his arrival, and through which led the road to Reggio. That something was "up" at Naples he was now certain, and he resolved to be soon on the field; whoever the victors, they would want him.

On the third evening he entered the capital, and made straight for Caffarelli's house. He met the count in the doorway. "The man I wanted," said he, as he saw the major. "Go into my study and wait for me."

"What has happened?" asked M'Caskey, in a whisper.

"Everything. The king is dead."

CHAPTER XLII.

MARK LYLE'S LETTER.

THE following letter was received at Lyle Abbey shortly after the events recorded in our last chapter had happened. It was from Mark Lyle to his sister, Mrs. Trafford:—

"HOTEL VICTORIA, NAPLES.

"MY DEAR ALICE,—While I was cursing my bad luck at being too late for the P. and O. steamer at Marsilles, your letter arrived deciding me to come on here. Nothing was ever more fortunate; first of all, I shall be able to catch the Austrian Lloyds at Ancona, and reach Alexandria in good time for the mail;

and, secondly, I have perfectly succeeded—at least I hope so—in the commission you gave me. For five mortal days I did nothing but examine villas. I got a list of full fifty, but in the course of a little time, the number filtered down to ten possible, and came at last to three that one could pronounce fairly habitable. To have health in this climate—that is to say, to escape malaria—you must abjure vegetation; and the only way to avoid tertian is to book yourself for a sunstroke. These at least were my experiences up to Tuesday last; for all the salubrious spots along the sea-shore had been long since seized on either by the king or the church, and every lovely point of view was certain to be crowned by a royal villa or a monastery. I was coming back then on Tuesday, very disconsolate indeed from a long day's fruitless search, when I saw a perfect gem of a place standing on the extreme point of a promontory near Caserta. It was of course 'royal,'—at least it belonged to a Count d'Amalfi, which title was borne by some younger branch of the Bourbons; yet as it was untenanted, and several people were working in the gardens, I ventured in to have a look at it. I will not attempt description, but just say that both within and without it realizes all I ever dreamed or imagined of an Italian villa. Marble and frescoes and fountains, terraces descending to the sea, and gardens a wilderness of orange and magnolia, and grand old rooms, the very air of which breathed splendor and magnificence; but *à quoi bon*? dear Alice. It was a 'Palazzotto reale,' and one could only gaze enviously at delights they could not hope to compass.

"Seeing my intense admiration of the place, the man who showed me around it said, as I was coming away, that it was rumored that the count would not be indisposed to sell the property. I know enough of Italians to be aware that when a stranger supposed to be rich—all English are in this category—is struck with anything,—picture, house, or statue,—the owner will always part with it at tenfold its value. Half out of curiosity, half to give myself the pretext for another morning's ramble over the delicious place, I asked where I could learn any details as to the value, and received an address as follows, "Count Carlo Caffarelli, Villino della Boschetta, Chiaja, Naples." Caffarelli

I at once remembered as the name of Maitland's friend, and in this found another reason for calling on him, since I had totally failed in all my attempts to discover M. either in London, Paris, or even here.

"The same evening I went there, and found Count Caffarelli in one of those fairy-tale little palaces which this country abounds in. He had some friends at dinner, but on reading my name, recognized me, and came out with a most charming politeness to press me to join his party. It was no use refusing: the Italian persuasiveness has that element of the irresistible about it that one cannot oppose; and I soon found myself smoking my cigar in a company of half a dozen people who treated me as an intimate friend.

"I may amuse you some day by some of the traits of their *bonhommie*. I must now confine myself to our more immediate interests. Caffarelli, when he found that I wanted some information about the villa, drew his arm within my own, and, taking me away from the rest, told me in strictest confidence that the villa was Maitland's,—Maitland being the Conte d'Amalfi,—the title having been conferred by the late king, one of the very last acts of his life.

"And Maitland," said I, scarcely recovering from my astonishment,—"where is he now?"

"Within a few yards of you," said he, turning and pointing to the closed jalousies of a room that opened on a small separately enclosed garden; "he is there."

"There was something like secrecy, mystery at least, in his manner as he said this, that prevented my speaking for a moment, and he went on: 'Yes, Maitland is in that room, stretched on his bed, poor fellow; he has been severely wounded in a duel which, had I been there, should never have been fought. All this, remember, is in confidence; for it is needless to tell you Maitland is one of those men who hate being made gossip of; and I really believe that his wound never gave him one-half the pain that he felt at the bare possibility of his adventure being made town-talk. So well have we managed hitherto, that of the men you see here to-night—all of them intimate with him—one only knows that his illness is not a malaria fever.'

"But can you answer for the same prudence and reserve on the part of the other principal?"

"We have secured it, for the time at least, by removing him from Naples; and as the laws here are very severe against duelling, his own safety will suggest silence."

"Do you think Maitland would see me?"

"I suppose he will be delighted to see you; but I will ascertain that without letting him know that I have already told you he was here. Remember, too, if he should receive you, drop nothing about the duel or the wound. Allude to his illness as fever, and leave to himself entirely the option of telling you the true story or not."

"Alter a few more words of caution,—less needed, if he only had known how thoroughly: I understood his temper and disposition,—he left me. He was back again in less than five minutes, and, taking me by the arm, led me to Maitland's door. 'There,' said he; 'go in; he expects you.'

"It was only after a few seconds that I could see my way through the half-darkened room, but, guided by a weak voice saying, 'Come on—here,' I approached a bed, on the outside of which in a loose dressing-gown, the poor fellow lay.

"You find it hard to recognize me, Lyle," said he, with an attempt to smile at the amazement which I could not by any effort repress; for he was wasted to a shadow, his brown cheeks were sunken and sallow, and his dark, flashing eyes almost colorless.

"And yet," added he, "the doctor has just been complimenting me on my improved looks. It seems I was more horrible yesterday," I don't remember what I said, but he thanked me and pressed my hand,—a great deal from him, for he is not certainly demonstrative; and then he pressed me to tell about you all,—how you were, and what doing. He inquired so frequently, and recurred so often to Bella, that I almost suspected something between them,—though, after all, I ought to have known that this was a conquest above Bella's reach,—the man who might any day choose from the highest in Europe.

"Now a little about yourself, Maitland," said I. "How long have you been ill?"

"This is the seventeenth day," said he, sighing. "Caffarelli of course told you fever; but here it is," and he turned on his side and showed me a great mass of appliances and bandages. "I have been wounded. I went out with a fellow whom none of my

friends would consent to my meeting, and I was obliged to take my valet Fenton for my second, and he, not much versed in these matters, accepted the Neapolitan sword instead of the French one. I had not touched one these eight years. At all events, my antagonist was an expert swordsman,—I suspect, in this style of fencing, more than my equal; he certainly was cooler, and took a thrust I gave him through the fore-arm without ever owning he was wounded till he saw me fall.

“‘Plucky fellow,’ muttered I.

“‘Yes, pluck he has unquestionably; nor did he behave badly when all was over; for though it was as much as his neck was worth to do it, he offered to support me in the carriage all the way back to Naples.’

“‘That was a noble offer,’ said I.

“‘And there never was a less noble antagonist!’ cried Maitland, with a bitter laugh. ‘Indeed, if it ever should get abroad that I crossed swords with him, it would go near to deny me the power of demanding a similar satisfaction from one of my own rank to-morrow. Do not ask me who he is, Lyle; do not question me about the quarrel itself. It is the thinking, the brooding over these things as I lie here, that makes this bed a torture to me. The surgeon and his probes are not pleasant visitors; but I welcome them when they divert my thoughts from these mausings.’

“‘I did my best to rally him, and get him to talk of the future, when he should be up and about again. I almost thought I had done him some little good, when Caffarelli came in to warn me that the doctors were imperative against his receiving any visitors, and I had been there then full two hours!

“‘I have told Lyle,’ said he, as we were leaving the room, ‘that you must let him come and see me to-morrow; there are other things I want to talk over with him.’

“‘It was high time I should have left him, for his fever was now coming on, and Caffarelli told me that he raved throughout the whole night, and talked incessantly of places which, even in a foreign pronunciation, I knew to be in our own neighborhood in Ireland. The next day I was not admitted to see him. The day after that I was only suffered to pass a few minutes beside his bed, on condition, too, that he should not be allowed to speak; and to-day, as it is my last in Na-

ples, I have been with him for above an hour. I am certain, my dear Alice, that there is something at least in my suspicion about Bella, from what took place to-day. Hearing that I was obliged to leave to-night to catch the steamer at Ancona, he said, ‘Lyle, I shall want a few minutes with you, all alone though, before you leave.’ He said this because either the doctor or Caffarelli, or both, have been with us since our first meeting. ‘Don’t look gloomy, old fellow,’ he added; ‘I’m not going to speak about my will. It is rather of life I mean, to talk, and what to do with life to make it worth living for. Meanwhile, Caffarelli has been telling me of your hunt after a villa. There is mine—the Torricella—take it. Carlo says you were greatly struck with it; and as it is really pretty, and inhabitable, too, a thing rare enough with villas, I insist upon your offering it to your family. There’s a sort of summer-house or “Belvidere” on the extreme point of the rock, with half a dozen little rooms; I shall keep that for myself; but tell Lady Lyle I shall not be a troublesome visitor. It will be the rarest of all events to see me there; for I shall not be long in Italy.’ I was eager to ask why, or whither he was turning his steps; but he was never one to stand much questioning, and in his present state it would have been dangerous to cross him. By way of saying something,—anything at the moment,—I asked how were things going on here politically. He laughed his usual little quiet laugh, and called out to Caffarelli, who stood in the window. ‘Come here, Carlo, and tell Lyle how we are getting on here. He wants to know if the ammunition has been yet served out for the bombardment; or are you waiting for the barricades?’ He jumped up in his bed as he spoke, and then fell back again. The doctor ran hastily over, and cried out, ‘That’s exactly what I said would come of it! There’s hemorrhage again!’ And so we were turned out of the room, and the other doctors were speedily summoned, and it was only an hour ago I heard that he was going on favorably, but that in future a strict interdict should be put upon all visits, and none admitted to him but his physicians. Seeing this, there was no use deferring my departure, which would, besides, place my commission in jeopardy. I have already outstayed my leave by two mails.

"Caffarelli is to write to you about the villa, and take all your directions about getting it in order for your arrival. He says that there is only too much furniture; and as there are something like eighty odd rooms—it is called Palazzotto, a diminutive for palace!—the chances are that even you will have space enough for what you call 'to turn round in.' I am in no dread of your being disappointed in it, and I repeat once more, it is the most exquisitely beautiful spot I ever saw. I would rather own it than its larger brother, the great kingly palace on the opposite side of the bay.

"I left my card at the Legation for your friend Mr. Damer; but he has not returned my visit. I own I had no peculiar anxiety to know him. Maitland could only say that he was not an ill-natured fellow, and perhaps a shade smarter than his colleagues."

"Caffarelli promises to keep you informed about poor Maitland, of whom, notwithstanding all the doctors say, I do not augur too favorably. On every account, whether you really avail yourselves of it or not, do not refuse his offer of the villa; it would give him the deepest pain and mortification, knowing how I had fixed upon it before I heard of his being the owner. I am very sorry to leave him, and sorrier that I have not heard what he was so eager to tell me. I shall be very impatient till I hear from you, and know whether you concur in my conjecture or not.

"The king sent twice to-day to inquire after M., and has already announced his intention to come in person, so soon as the doctors deem such a visit safe. To see the names that were left to-day with the porter, you would say it was one of the first men in Europe was causing all this public anxiety.

"I trust, my dear Alice, you will be satisfied with this long-winded epistle,—the last, probably, you will get from me till I reach Calcutta. I had intended to have given you all the gossip of this pleasant place, which, even on the verge, as some think, of a revolution, has time and to spare for its social delinquencies; but Maitland has so engrossed my thoughts that he has filled my letter; and yet I have not told you one tithe of what I have heard about him from his friend Caffarelli. Indeed, in his estimation, M. has no equal living; he is not alone the cleverest, boldest, and most accomplished of men, but

truest and the best-hearted. I sat late into the night last night listening to traits of his generosity,—the poor people he has helped, the deserving creatures he had succored, and the earnest way he had pressed claims on the ministry for wretched families who had been friendless without him. I was dying to ask other questions about him; but I did not venture, and yet the man puzzles me more than ever. Once, indeed, Caffarelli seemed on the verge of telling me something. I had asked what Maitland meant by saying that he should probably soon quit Italy? 'Ah,' replied Caffarelli, laughing, 'then he has told you of that mad scheme of his; but of all things in the world, why go into the service of a Bey of Tunis?' 'A Bey of Tunis!' cried I, in such evident astonishment as showed I had heard of the project for the first time. 'Of course it was but a jest,' said Caffarelli, catching himself up quickly. 'The present Bey and Maitland lived together in Paris in their early days; and I have seen scores of letters entreating Maitland to come to Tunis, and offering him the command of a division, the place of a minister,—anything, in fact, that might be supposed to tempt him. You may imagine yourself how likely it is that a man with all Europe at his feet would consent to finish his life in an African banishment.'

"If I could only have one week more here, I feel certain that Caffarelli would tell me everything that I want to learn; but I must up and away. My servant is already hurrying down my baggage, and I have not more time than to send my loves to you all.

"Yours always,

"MARK LYLE.

"P. S.—Caff. is just the fellow to be made very useful, and likes it; so don't scruple to write to him as fully as you please. He has already told me of a first-rate chief-servant, a Maestro di Casa, for you; and, in fact, only commisison him, and he'll improvise you a full household ready for your arrival. Ado!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MAJOR AT BADEN.

"You will please to write your name there, sir," said a clerk from behind a wooden railing to a fierce-looking little man in a frogged coat and a gold-banded cap, in the busy bank-room of Parodi at Genoa.

"And my qualities?" asked the other, haughtily.

"As you please, sir."

The stranger took the pen, and wrote "Milo M'Caskey, Count of the two Sicilies, Knight of various orders, and Knight-postulate of St. John of Jerusalem," etc, etc.

"Your Excellency has not added your address," said the clerk, obsequiously.

"The Tuileries when in Paris, Zarkoe-Zeloe when in Russia. Usually incog. in England, I reside in a cottage near Osborne. When at this side of the Alps, wherever be the royal residence of the sovereign in the city I chance to be in." He turned to retire, and then, suddenly wheeling round, said, "Forward any letters that may come for me to my relative, who is now at the Trombetta, Turin."

"Your Excellency has forgotten to mention his name."

"So I have," said he, with a careless laugh. "It is somewhat new to me to be in a town where I am unknown. Address my letters to the care of His Highness the Duke of Lauenburg-Gluckstein;" and with a little gesture of his hand, to imply that he did not exact any royal honors at his departure, he strutted out of the bank and down the street.

Few met or passed without turning to remark him, such was the contrast between his stature and his gait; for while considerably below the middle size, there was an insolent pretension in his swagger,—a defiant impertinence in the stare of his fiery eyes, that seemed to seek a quarrel with each that looked at him. His was indeed that sense of overflowing prosperity, that, if it occasionally inclines the right-minded to a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness, is just as certain to impel the men of a different stamp to feats of aggressiveness and insolence. Such was indeed his mood, and he would have hailed as the best boon of Fate, the occasion for a quarrel and a duel.

The contempt he felt for the busy world that moved by, too deep in its own cares to interpret the defiance he threw around him, so elevated him that he swaggered along as if the flagway were all his own.

Was he not triumphant. What had not gone well with him? Gold in his pocket, success in a personal combat with a man so highly placed that it was a distinction to him for life to have encountered: the very per-

emptory order he received to quit Naples at once was a recognition of his importance that actually overwhelmed him with delight: and he saw in the vista before him the time when men would stop at the windows of print-shops to gaze on the features of "Le fameux M'Caskey."

There was something glorious in his self-conceit; for there was nothing he would not dare to achieve that estimation which he had already conceived of his own abilities. At the time I now speak of, there was a momentary lull in the storm of Italian politics caused by Count Cavour's crafty negotiations with the Neapolitan Government,—negotiations solely devised to induce that false sense of security which was to end in downfall and ruin. Whether M'Caskey had any forebodings of what was to come or not, he knew well that it was not the moment for men like himself to be needed. "When the day of action comes, will come the question, 'Where is M'Caskey?' Meanwhile I will be off to Baden. I feel as though I ought to break the bank."

To Baden he went. How many are there who can recall that bustling, pretentious, over-dressed little fellow, who astonished the pistol-gallery by his shooting, and drove the poor *maitre d'armes* to the verge of despair by his skill with the rapier, and then swaggered into the play-room to take the first chair he pleased, only too happy if he could provoke any to resent it. How he frowned down the men and ogled the women; smiling blandly at the beauties that passed, as though in recognition of charms their owners might well feel proud of, for they had captivated a M'Caskey! How sumptuous, too, his dinner; how rare and curious his wines; how obsequious were they who waited on him; what peril impended over the man that asked to be served before him!

Strong men,—men in all the vigor of their youth and strength,—men of honor and men of tried courage, passed and repassed, looked at, but never dreamed of provoking him. Absurd as he was in dress, ridiculous in his overweening pretension, not one ventured on the open sneer at what each in his secret heart despised for its vulgar insolence. And what a testimony to pluck was there in all this! for to what other quality in such a man's nature had the world consented to have paid homage?

Not one of those who made way for him would have stooped to know him. There was not a man of those who controlled his gravity to respect a degree of absurdity actually laughable, who would have accepted his acquaintance at any price; and yet for all that, he moved amongst them there, exacting every deference that was accorded to the highest, and undeniably inferior to none about him.

What becomes of the cant that classes the courage of men with the instincts of the lowest brutes in presence of a fact like this? or must we not frankly own that, in the respect paid to personal daring, we read the avowal that, however constituted men may be, courage is a quality that all must reverence?

Not meeting with the resistance he had half hoped for, denied none of the claims he preferred, M'Caskey became bland and courteous. He vouchsafed a nod to the crouper at the play-table, and manifested, by a graceful gesture as he took his seat, that the company need not rise, as he deigned to join them.

In little more than a week after his arrival he had become famous; he was splendid, too, in his largesses to waiters and lackeys; and it is a problem that might be somewhat of a puzzle to resolve, how far the sentiments of the very lowest class can permeate the rank above them, and make themselves felt in the very highest; for this very estimation, thus originating, grew at last to be at least partially entertained by others of a very superior station. It was then that men discussed with each other who was this strange count—of what nation? Five modern languages had he been heard to talk in, without a flaw even of accent. What country he served? Whence and what his resources? It was when newspaper correspondents began vaguely to hint at an interesting stranger, whose skill in every weapon was only equalled by his success at play, etc., that he disappeared as suddenly as he had come, but not without leaving ample matter for wonder in the telegraphic despatch he sent off a few hours before starting, and which, in some form more or less garbled, was currently talked of in society. It was addressed to M. Mocquard, Tuileries, Paris, and in these words, "Tell the E. I shall meet him at Compiègne on Saturday."

Could anything be more delightfully inti-

mate? While the crafty idlers of Baden were puzzling their heads as to who he might be who could thus write to an imperial secretary, the writer was travelling at all speed through Switzerland, but so totally disguised in appearance that not even the eye of a detective could have discovered in the dark-haired, black-bearded, and sedate-looking Colonel Chamberlayne the fiery-faced and irascible Count M'Caskey.

A very brief telegram in a cipher well known to him was the cause of his sudden departure. It ran thus: "Wanted at Chambéry in all haste." And at Chambéry, at the Golden Lamb, did he arrive with a speed which few save himself knew how to compass. Scarcely had he entered the arched doorway of the inn than a traveller, preceded by his luggage, met him. They bowed as people do who encounter in a passage, but without acquaintance; and yet in that brief courtesy the stranger had time to slip a letter into M'Caskey's hand, who passed in with all the ease and unconcern imaginable. Having ordered dinner, he went to his room to dress, and then, locking his door, he read,—

"The Cabinet courier of the English Government will pass Chambéry on the night of Saturday the 18th, or on the morning of Sunday the 19th. He will be the bearer of three despatch-bags, two large and one small one, bearing the letters F. O. and the number 18 on it. You are to possess yourself of this, if possible; the larger bags are not required. If you succeed, make for Naples by whatever route you deem best and speediest, bearing in mind that the loss may possibly be known at Turin within a brief space.

"If the contents be as suspected, and all goes well, you are a made man. C. C."

M'Caskey read this over three several times, dwelling each time on the same places, and then he arose and walked leisurely up and down the room. He then took out his guide-book and saw that a train started for St. Jean de Maurienne at six, arriving at eight,—a short train, not in correspondence with any other; and as the railroad ended there, the remainder of the journey, including the passage of Mont Cenis, must be performed by carriage. Of course, it was in this short interval the feat must be accomplished, if at all.

The waiter announced "his Excellency's" dinner while he thus cogitated, and he descended and dined heartily; he even or-

dered a bottle of very rare chambertin, which stood at eighteen francs in the *carte*. He sipped his wine at his ease; he had full an hour before the train started, and he had time for reflection as well as enjoyment. "You are to possess yourself of this," muttered he, reading from a turned-down part of the note—"had you been writing to any other man in Europe, Signor Conte Caffarelli, you would have been profuse enough of your directions: you would have said, 'You are to shoot this fellow—you are to waylay him—you are to have him attacked and come to his rescue,' and a score more of suchlike contrivances: but—to me—to ME—there was none of this. It was just as Bonaparte said to Dessaix at Marengo, 'Ride through the centre'—he never added how. A made man! I should think so! The man has been made some years since, sir. Another bottle, waiter, and mind that it be not shaken. Who was it—I can't remember—stopped a Russian courier with despatches for Constantinople? Ay, to be sure, it was Long Wellesley; he told me the story himself. It was a clumsy trick, too; he upset his sledge in the snow, and made off with the bags, and got great credit for the feat at home."

"The train will start in a quarter of an hour, sir," said the waiter.

"Not if I am not ready, my good fellow," said the major, "though now I see nothing to detain me, and I will go."

Alone in his first-class, he had leisure to think over his plans. Much depended on who might be the courier. He knew most of them well, and speculated on the peculiar traits of this or that. "If it be Bromley, he will have his own calèche; Airlie will be for the cheap thing, and take the diligence; and Poynder will be on the look-out for some one to join him, and pay half the post-horses and all the postilions. There are half a dozen more of these fellows on this 'dodge,' but I defy the craftiest of them to know me now;" and he took out a little pocket-glass, and gazed complacently at his features. "Colonel Moore Chamberlayne, A. D. C., on his way to Corfu, with despatches for the Lord High Commissioner. A very soldierlike fellow too," added he, arranging his whiskers, "but, I shrewdly suspect, a bit of a Tartar. Yes, that's the ticket," added he, with a smile at his image in the glass,—"despatches of great importance for Storks at Corfu."

Arrived at St. Jean, he learned that the mail-train from France did not arrive till 11.20, ample time for all his arrangements. He also learned that the last English messenger had left his calèche at Susa, and, except one light carriage with room for only two, there was nothing on that side of the mountain but the diligence. This conveyance he at once secured, ordering the postilion to be in the saddle and ready to start, if necessary, when the mail-train came in. "It is just possible," said he, "that the friend I am expecting may not arrive, in which case I shall await the next train; but if he comes, you must drive your best, my man; for I shall want to catch the first train for Susa in the morning." Saying this, he retired to his room where he had many things to do,—so many, indeed, that he had but just completed them when the shriek of the engine announced that the train was coming; the minute after, the long line dashed into the station and came to a stand.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MESSENGER'S FIRST JOURNEY.

As the train glided smoothly into the station, M'Caskey passed down the platform peering into each carriage, as if in search of an expected friend. "Not come," muttered he, in a voice of displeasure loud enough to be heard by the solitary first-class passenger, who soon after emerged with some enormous bags of white linen massively sealed, and bearing addresses in parchment.

"I beg pardon," said M'Caskey, approaching and touching his hat in salute.

"Are you with despatches?"

"Yes," said the other in some astonishment at the question.

"Have you a bag for me?" and then suddenly correcting himself with a little smile at the error of his supposing he must be universally known, added "I mean for the Hon. Colonel Chamberlayne."

"I have nothing that is not addressed to a legation," said the other, trying to pass on.

"Strange! they said I should receive some further instructions by the first messenger. Sorry to have detained you—good-evening."

The young man—for he was young—was already too deep in an attempt to inquire in French after a carriage to hear the last words, and continued to ask various inattentive bystanders certain questions about a

calèche that ought to have been left by somebody in somebody's care for the use of somebody else.

"Is it true, can you tell me?" said he, running after M'Caskey. "They say that there is no conveyance here over the mountain except the diligence."

"I believe it is quite true," said the "colonel," gravely.

"And they say, too, that the diligence never, at this season, arrives in time to catch the early train at—I forget the place."

"At Susa?"

"Yes, that's it."

"They are perfectly correct in all that; and knowing it so well, and as my despatches are urgent, I sent on my own light carriage here from Geneva."

"And have you despatches too?" asked the other, whom we may as well announce to the reader as Tony Butler. "Have you despatches too?" cried he, in great delight at meeting something like a colleague.

"Yes, I take out the orders for the Lord High Commissioner to Corfu. I am the head of the staff there."

Tony bowed in recognition of the announced rank, and said, quietly, "My name is Butler. I am rather new to this sort of thing, and never crossed the Alps in my life."

"I'll give you a lift, then; for I have a spare place. My servant has gone round with my heavy baggage by Trieste, and I have a seat to spare."

"This is most kind of you; but I scarcely dare put you to such inconvenience."

"Don't talk of that. We are all in the same boat. It's my luck to have this to offer to-day; it will be yours to-morrow. What's your destination?"

"First Turin, then Naples; but I believe I shall have no delay at Turin, and the Naples bags are the most urgent ones."

"Is there anything going on down there, then?" asked M'Caskey, carelessly.

"I suspect there must be; for three of our fellows have been sent there—I am the fourth—within a fortnight."

"A country that never interested me. Take a cigar. Are you ready, or do you want to eat something?"

"No, I am quite ready, and only anxious not to be late for this first train. The fact is, it's all a new sort of life to me, and as I am a

wretchedly bad Frenchman, I don't get on too well."

"The great secret is, be peremptory, never listen to excuses, tolerate no explanations. That's my plan. I pay liberally; but I insist on having what I want."

They were now seated, and dashing along at all the speed and with all the noise of four wiry posters, and M'Caskey went on to describe how with that system of united despotism and munificence he had travelled over the whole globe with success. As for the anecdotes he told, they embraced every land and sea; and there was scarcely an event of momentous importance of the last quarter of a century of which he had not some curious private details. He was the first man to discover the plans of Russia on the Pruth. It was he found out Louis Philippe's intrigue about the Spanish marriages. "If you feel interest in this sort of thing," said he, carelessly, "just tell the fellows at home to show you the blue-book with Chamberlayne's correspondence. It is private and confidential; but, as a friend of mine, you can see it." And what generosity of character he had! he had let Seymour carry off all the credit of that detection of Russia. "To be sure," added he, "one can't forget old times, and Seymour was my fag at Eton." It was he, too, counselled Lord Elgin to send off the troops from China to Calcutta to assist in repressing the mutiny. "Elgin hesitated; he couldn't make up his mind; he thought this at one moment and that the next; and he sent for me at last and said, 'George, I want a bit of advice from you.' 'I know what you mean,' said I, stopping him; 'send every man of them—don't hold back a drummer.' I will say," he added, "he had the honesty to own from whom he got that counsel, and he was greatly provoked when he found I could not be included in the vote of thanks of the House. 'Confound their etiquette,' said he; 'it is due to George, and he ought to have it.' You don't know why I'm in such haste to Corfu now?"

"I have not the faintest notion."

"I will tell you; first, because a man can always trust a gentleman; secondly, it will be a matter of table-talk by the time you get back. The Tories are in need of the Radicals, and to buy their support intend to offer the throne of Greece, which will be va-

can whenever we like, to Richard Cobden."

"How strange! and would he accept it?"

"Some say no; I say yes; and Louis Napoleon, who knows men thoroughly, agrees with me. '*Mon cher Cham*'—he always called me Cham—talk as people will, it is a very pleasant thing to sit on a throne, and it goes far towards one's enjoyment of life to have so many people employed all day long to make it agreeable." If Tony thought at times that his friend was a little vainglorious, he ascribed it to the fact that any man so intimate with the great people of the world, talking of them as his ordinary every-day acquaintances, might reasonably appear such to one so much removed from all such intercourse as he himself was. That the man who could say, "Nesselrode, don't tell me," or, "Reichberg, my good fellow, you are in error there!" should be now sitting beside him, sharing his sandwich with him, and giving him to drink from his sherry-flask; was not that glory enough to turn a stronger head than poor Tony's? Ah, my good reader, I know well that you would not have been caught by such blandishments. You have "seen men and cities." You have been at courts, dined beside royalties, and been smiled on by serene highnesses; but Tony has not had your training; he has had none of these experiences; he has heard of great names just as he has heard of great victories. The illustrious people of the earth are no more within the reach of his estimation than are the jewels of a Mogul's turban; but it is all the more fascinating to him to sit beside one who "knows it all."

Little wonder, then, if time sped rapidly and that he never knew weariness. Let him start what theme he might, speak of what land, what event, what person he pleased, the colonel was ready for him. It was marvellous indeed—so very marvellous that to a suspicious mind it might have occasioned distrust—with how many great men he had been at school, what shoals of distinguished fellows he had served with. With a subtle flattery, too, he let drop the remark, that he was not usually given to be so frank and communicative. "The fact is," said he, "young men are, for the most part, bad listeners to the experiences of men of my age; they fancy that they know life as well if not better than ourselves, and that our

views are those of 'bygones.' You, however, showed none of this spirit; you were willing to hear and to learn from one of whom it would be false modesty, were I not to say few know more of men and their doings."

Now Tony liked this appreciation of him, and he said to himself, "He is a clever fellow,—not a doubt of it: he never saw me till this evening, and yet he knows me thoroughly and well." Seeing how the colonel had met with everybody, he resolved he would get from him his opinion of some of his own friends, and to lead the way, asked if he was acquainted with the members of the English Legation at Turin.

"I know Bathurst; we *were* intimate," said he; "but we once were in love with the same woman,—the mother of an empress she is now—and as I rather 'cut him out,' a coldness ensued, and somehow we never resumed our old footing. As for Croker, the Secretary, it was I got him that place."

"And Damer—Skeff Damer—do you know him?"

"I should think I do. I was his godfather."

"He's the greatest friend I have in the world!" cried Tony, in ecstasy at this happy accident.

"I made him drop Chamberlayne. It was his second name, and I was vain enough to be annoyed that it was not his first. Is he here now?"

"Yes, he is attached to the Legation, and sometimes here, and sometimes at Naples."

"Then we'll make him give us a dinner to-day, for I shall refuse Bathurst: he is sure to ask me; but you will tell Damer that we are both engaged to him."

Tony only needed to learn the tie that bound his newly-made acquaintance with his dearest friend to launch freely out about himself and his new fortunes; he told all about the hard usage his father had met with,—the services he had rendered his country in India and elsewhere, and the ungenerous requital he had met for them all. "That is why you see me here a messenger instead of being a soldier, like all my family for seven generations back. I won't say I like it,—that wouldn't be true; but I do it because it happens to be one of the few things I can do."

"That's a mistake, sir," said the colonel,

fiercely,—“a mistake thousands fall into every day. A man can make of life whatever he likes, if only—mark me well—if only his will be strong enough.”

“If wishing would do it”—

“Hold! I'm not talking of wishing; schoolboys wish, pale-cheeked freshmen at college, goggle-eyed ensigns in marching regiments, wish. Men, real men, do not wish; they will: that's all the difference. Strong men make a promise to themselves early in life, and they feel it a point of honor to keep it. As Rose said one day in the club at Calcutta, speaking of me, ‘He has got the Bath, just because he said he would get it.’”

“The theory is a very pleasant one.”

“You can make the practice just as pleasant, if you like it. Whenever you take your next leave—they give you leave, don't they?”

“Yes, three months; we might have more, I believe, if we asked for it.”

“Well, come and spend your next leave with me at Corfu. You shall have some good shooting over in Albania, plenty of mess society, pleasant yachting, and you'll like our old Lord High; he's stiff and cold at first, but, introduced by me, you'll be at once amongst the ‘most favored nations.’”

“I can't thank you enough for so kind a proposal,” began Tony; but the other stopped him with, “Don't thank me, but help me to take care of this bag. It contains the whole fate of the Levant in its inside. Those sacks of yours—I suppose you know what they have for contents?”

“No; I have no idea what's in them.”

“Old blue-books and newspapers, nothing else; they're all make-believes,—a farce to keep up the notion that great activity prevails at the Foreign Office, and to fill up that paragraph in the newspapers, ‘Despatches were yesterday sent off to the Lord High Commissioner of the Bahamas,’ or Her Majesty's minister at Otaheite. Here we are at the rail now; that's Suss. Be alive, for I see the smoke, and the steam must be up.”

They were just in time; the train was actually in motion when they got in, and as the colonel, who kept up a rapid conversation with the station-master, informed Tony, nothing would have induced them to delay but having seen himself. “They knew me,” said he; “they remembered my coming down here last autumn with the Prince de Carignan and Cavour.” And once more had Tony

to thank his stars for having fallen into such companionship.

As they glided along towards Turin, the colonel told Tony that if he found the *Weazle* gunboat at Genoa, as he expected, waiting for him, he would set him, Tony, and his despatches, down safely at Naples, as he passed on to Malta. “If it's the *Growler*,” said he, “I'll not promise you, because Hurlton, the commander, is not in good-humor with me. I refused to recommend him the other day to the First Lord for promotion—say nothing about this to the fellows at the Legation; indeed, don't mention anything about me, except to Damer—for the dinner, you know.”

“I suppose I ought to go straight to the Legation at once,” said Tony, as they entered Turin; “my orders are to deliver the bags before anything else.”

“Certainly; let us drive there straight—there's nothing like doing things regularly; I'm a martinet about all duty;” and so they drove to the Legation, where Tony, throwing one large sack to the porter, shouldered the other himself, and passed in.

“Holloa!” cried the colonel; “I'll give you ten minutes, and if you're not down by that time, I'll go off and order breakfast at the inn.”

“All right,” said Tony; “this fellow says that Damer is at Naples.”

“I knew that,” muttered the colonel to himself; and then added aloud, “Be alive and come down as quick as you can;” he looked at his watch as he spoke; it wanted five minutes to eight; “at five minutes past eight the train should start for Genoa.”

He seized the small despatch-bag in his hand, and, telling the cabman to drive to the Hotel Feder and wait for him there, he made straight for the railroad. He was just in the nick; and while Tony was impatiently pacing an ante-room of the Legation, the other was already some miles on the way to Genoa.

At last, a very sleepy-looking attaché, in a dressing-gown and slippers, made his appearance. “Nothing but these,” said he, yawning and pointing to the great sacks.

“No; nothing else for Turin.”

“Then why the—— did you knock me up—when it's only a shower-bath and Greydon's boot-trees?”

“How the—— did I know what was in them?” said Tony, as angrily.

"You must be precious green, then. When were you made?"

"When was I made?"

"Yes; when were you named a messenger?"

"Sometime in spring."

"I thought you must be an infant, or you'd know that it's only the small bags are of any consequence."

"Have you anything more to say? I want to get a bath and my breakfast."

"I've a lot more to say, and I shall have to tell Sir Joseph you're here: and I shall have to sign your time-bill, and to see if you haven't got something for Naples. You're for Naples; aint you? And I want to send Damer some cigars and a pot of caviare that's been here these two months, and that he must have smelled from Naples."

"Then be hasty, for Heaven's sake, for I'm starving."

"You're starving! how strange, and it only eight o'clock! Why, we don't breakfast here till one, and I rarely eat anything."

"So much the worse for you," said Tony, gruffly. "My appetite is excellent, if I only had a chance to gratify it."

"What's the news in town—is there anything stirring?"

"Not as I know."

"Has Lumley engaged Teresina again?"

"Never heard of her!"

"He ought; tell him. I said so. She's fifty times better than La Gradina. Our chef here," added he in a whisper, "says she has better legs than Pochini."

"I am charmed to hear it. Would you just tell him that mine are getting very tired here?"

"Will Lawson pay that handicap to George Hobart?"

Tony shook his head, to imply total ignorance of all concerned.

"He needn't, you know; at least Saville Harris refused to book up to Whitemare on exactly the same grounds. It was just this way: here was the winning-post—no, here; that seal there was the grand stand; when the mare came up, she was second. I don't think you care for racing, eh?"

"A steeple-chase; yes, particularly when I'm a rider. But what I care most for just

now is a plunge into cold water and a good breakfast."

There was something actually touching in the commiserating look the attaché gave Tony as he turned away and left the room. What was the public service to come to if these were the fellows to be named as messengers!

In a few minutes he was back again in the room. "Where's Naples?" asked he, curtly.

"Where's Naples? Where it always was, I suppose," said Tony, doggedly,—“in the gulf of that name."

"I mean the bag,—the Naples bag; it is under flying seal, and Sir Joseph wants to see the despatches."

"Oh, that is below in the cab. I'll go down and fetch it," and without waiting for more he hastened down-stairs. The cab was gone. "Naturally enough," thought Tony, "he got tired waiting; he's off to order breakfast."

He hurried up-stairs again to report that a friend with whom he travelled had just driven away to the hotel with all the baggage.

"And the bags!" cried the other, in a sort of horror.

"Yes, the bags, of course; but I'll go after him. What's the chief hotel called?"

"The Trombetta."

"I don't think that was the name."

"The Czar de Russia?"

"No, nor that."

"Perhaps Feder?"

"Yes, that's it. Just send some one to show me the way, and I'll be back immediately. I suspect my unlucky breakfast must be prorogued to luncheon-time."

"Not a bit of it!" cried a fine, fresh-looking, handsome man who entered the room with a riding-whip in his hand; "come in and take share of mine."

"He has to go over to Feder's for the bags, Sir Joseph," whispered the attaché, submissively.

"Send the porter—send Jasper—any one you like. Come along," said he, drawing his arm within Tony's. "You've not been in Italy before, and your first impression ought to be favorable; so I'll introduce you to a Mont Cenis trout."

"And I'll profit by the acquaintance," said Tony. "I have the appetite of a wolf."

From The Examiner.

The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed.
With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent
Coleridge. In Two Volumes. Moxon.

In our description of Books of the Week we gave, in a few lines last Saturday, the dry outline of the facts of the life of Winthrop Praed, and of his character as a poet only added that he was the best English writer of *vers de société*, and something more. What more? He had a refined and sensitive man's keen perception of surrounding influences, whether social or familiarly personal, and the singularly strong evidence of this forms almost a characteristic of his poetry. It is not the whole characteristic, the rest of it being that his verse is really alive with original wit and genius. He is like a good swimmer who hugs the shore; a great and earnest preacher, who cannot help feeling that Miss Gubbins's eyes are upon him; a philosopher at his club, where he has learnt to chip grand masses of thought into sparkling morsels of small talk. There is something amiable and very delightful in the warmth of social feeling and the sensitive thought for the humor of his fellows that thus, in a way, sets Hercules down with balls of thread at the feet of the social Omphale. Yet let us not overrate Praed. A perfectly great poet rises fearlessly to the full height of his ideal. Praed never flew far without perching. But as a poet bound to society he was free as the song-bird that builds near our villages and haunts our garden doors; he was not like Moore, the mere clever lap-dog to whom soft caresses, and his recognized plate of chicken at the dinner-table, and a pagoda all to himself in the drawing-room, are the be-all and end-all of existence. Above that type of the social verse-writer, Winthrop Praed stood at an immeasurable height. No insignificant ambition prompted his desire to please. Vanity did not spur, but modesty reined in, his Pegasus. With a soul full of bright and tender fancies, and full of pure affections, too, he was as the mounted man who chooses to keep pace with friends and comrades travelling the same road on foot. The steed in his fresh vigor curvets and prances, his movements are pleasant to see, true though it be that they are not the fleet running he is made for. But by as much as his rider's bright eye and glad lips are better than the liveliest gam-

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bol's of the little dog who runs among the company, by so much is Praed, as a writer of *vers de société*, above the hanger-on who strains to please with artificial sentiment or forced display of wit. And to the true sociableness that was in the heart of Winthrop Praed, a graciousness lying far deeper than the smooth outward manner which is consistent, also, with the coldest selfishness, to this true geniality belongs by nature the glad wit that blends often a gayety of innocence with the most touching earnestness of feeling, and will touch with mocking radiance the far solemn hills of thought.

Much that is characteristic of Praed as a poet will be found in the first of the eight metrical tales that open the collection of his works, the "Fairy Tale of Lillian." It is an occasional poem,—the most charming of its class,—printed when the age of its author was but twenty, with this introduction:—

"The reader is requested to believe that the following statement is literally true, because the writer is well aware that the circumstances under which 'Lillian,' was composed are the only sources of its merits, and the only apology for its faults.

"At a small party at Cambridge some malicious belles endeavored to confound their sonneteering friends, by setting unintelligible and inexplicable subjects for the exercise of their poetical talents. Among many others, the thesis was given out which is the motto of 'Lillian'—

'A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart,'

and the following poem was an attempt to explain the riddle.

"The partiality with which it has been honored in manuscript, and the frequent applications which have been made to the author for copies, must be his excuse for sending it to the press.

"It was written, however, with the sole view of amusing the friends in whose circle the idea originated; and to them, with all due humility and devotion, it is inscribed.

Trinity College, Cambridge, October 26, 1822."

Never was young lady's problem solved by young poet with a more exquisitely dainty playfulness.

To the genius of the same youth of twenty belongs the fragment of "The Troubadour," of which the first two cantos appeared in Mr. Charles Knight's *Quarterly Maga-*

zine. Here, more than in "Lillian," the serious interest is sportively disturbed with whimsical antithesis, alliteration, quips of fancy, even puns; as when, in the gay train of the Baroness,—

"Pleasure laughed on every cheek
And nought, save saddles, dreamed of pique."

There is the poet's depth of feeling often stirred and a great feast of fancy spread, but all is with constant heedfulness of the temper of the glad young minds with which his own young mind is sharing it. At first, the false taste of the strain for verbal antithesis and alliteration is a little tedious, though it hits not seldom a happy turn of phrase. There is evidence enough of youth in the labored cleverness of lines like these upon Sir Hubert's funeral:—

"Maiden and matron, knave and knight,
All rode or ran to see the sight;
Yeoman with horse and hound,
Gossips in grief and grogam clad,
Young warriors galloping like mad,
Priors and pedlers, pigs and pyxes,
Cooks, choristers, and crucifixes,
Wild urchins cutting jokes and capers,
And taper shapes, and shapely tapers.
The mighty barons of the land
Brought pain in heart, and four in hand;
And village maids, with looks of woe,
Turned out their mourning, and their toe.
The bell was rung, the hymn was sung,
On the oak chest the dust was flung;
And then, beneath the chapel stones,
With a gilt scutcheon o'er his bones,
Escaped from feather-beds and fidget,
Sir Hubert slept with Lady Bridget."

But the antithesis has even here a ring of wit, and very honestly whimsical is the subsequent account of the young troubadour's bed and board when, after his father's death, he rode away from his desolate castle:—

"Three days he rode all mad and mute;
And when the sun did pass,
Three nights he supped upon dry fruit,
And slept upon wet grass."

And in the same poem, how full of tender truth is the troubadour's song of his dead mother, expressing the thought of many a young soul that opens into manhood with unsatisfied yearning for the present sympathy and love of a mother, who died before even the memory of her face could be left as a precious legacy to the son over whose cradle she had hung. Praed, too, lost a good mother in early childhood.

"My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair;
Yes! love is dead, and memory faded!
But when the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep and ghosts awake,
Oh! then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

"I cannot guess her face or form;
But what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!

"Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play;
Of her who was my cradle's light!
But in some twilight of calm weather
She glides by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together!"

Very weird and solemn again is the incantation of the blighting spirits of the dead, introduced with a fantastic lightness of speech, and of which the attendant incidents are narrated with an occasional plunge into light bathos that forbids the comrade who may read the poem, or may hear it read, from supposing that the poet is not still capering and laughing by his side.

Of course it is to be remembered that this disposition to break seriousness with a defiant caper, though taking a peculiarly natural and kindly form in the verse of Praed, had been shown by other writers of his day, and was in accordance with the literary temper of his time. Our poets had broken from the restraints of the trim and formal French *parterre*, where they were bound to walk demurely and keep step together, and were running loose in the wild English woodland. Not in England only had there been in literature, as in politics, a trampling and jumping and dancing upon the French *periwig* that was to represent no more the dignity of man. Young Schiller, in the first burst of reaction, was all for the freedom of a robber-life out in the woods; nothing but nature in her wildest moods seemed good to Byron; and, as for man, the more lawless and defiant

the more welcome was he as a relief to the old trimmed and powdered models of good breeding. Even the precision of the orthodox heroic rhyming couplet seemed a badge of slavery, and our most popular poets quickened their measures, mixed them, flung their songs at will into a gay musical disorder. That was, of course, only one turn, but still it was one of the turns in the current of poetical taste, when Winthrop Praed began to exercise his inborn faculty of song; and it must be taken into account as part even of the roughest estimate of his poetical character.

But the larger influence has only strengthened individuality of character. The gentility and utmost tenderness of individual human life is to be felt in all Praed's verses, and it is well that we have, among these collected poems, no withdrawal of the tender home thoughts about which not seldom the graces of his fancy played. Here are the yearnings toward sympathy of love, written in the solitude of the college room on the night before an examination; here are love verses addressed with birthday gifts, or on other pleasant occasions, to the poet's wife; and here he hangs over the baby graces of an infant daughter:—

"SKETCH OF A YOUNG LADY FIVE MONTHS OLD.

"My pretty, budding, breathing flower,
Methinks if I to-morrow
Could manage, just for half an hour,
Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,
I might immortalize a few
Of all the myriad graces
Which Time, while yet they all are new,
With newer still replaces.

"I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,
Their quick and earnest flashes;
I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,—
The fringe of long, dark lashes;
I'd draw with most fastidious care
One eyebrow, then the other,
And that fair forehead, broad and fair,—
The forehead of your mother.

"I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek
Where health in sunshine dances;
And oft the pouting lips, where speak
A thousand voiceless fancies;
And the soft neck would keep me long,—
The neck, more smooth and snowy
Than ever yet in schoolboy's song
Had Caroline or Chloe.

"Nor less on those twin rounded arms
My new-found skill would linger,
Nor less upon the rosy charms
Of every tiny finger;

Nor slight the small feet, little one,
So prematurely clever
That, though they neither walk nor run
I think they'd jump forever.

"But then your odd, endearing ways,—
What study e'er could catch them?
Your aimless gestures, endless plays,—
What canvas e'er could match them?
Your lively leap of merriment,
Your murmur of petition,
Your serious silence of content,
Your laugh of recognition.

"Here were a puzzling toil, indeed,
For Art's most fine creations!
Grow on, sweet baby; we will need,
To note your transformations,
No picture of your form or face,
Your waking or your sleeping,
But that which Love shall daily trace,
And trust to Memory's keeping.

"Hereafter, when revolving years
Have made you tall and twenty,
And brought you blended hopes and fears,
And sighs and slaves in plenty,—
May those who watch our little saint
Among her tasks and duties,
Feel all her virtues hard to paint,
As now we deem her beauties.
"October 10, 1836."

Of his pleasant vein of wit we might quote from these volumes many an example. Take for one his "every-day character" of the fair partner at a ball with whom conversation was tried upon every conceivable topic, with the one result of fetching out of her some remark on the weather.

"Was she a Blue? I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pedant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A Cockney-Muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician? It was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapor.

"Flat Flattery was my only chance:
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling.
I envied gloves upon her arm
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And, when my worship was most warm,—
She—'never found it colder.'

"I don't object to wealth or land;
And she will have the giving

Of an extremely pretty hand,
 Some thousands, and a living.
 She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
 Sings sweetly, dances finely,
 Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,
 And sits a horse divinely.
 But to be linked for life to her !—
 The desperate man who tried it
 Might marry a Barometer
 And hang himself beside it !”

One of Præd's social accomplishments as a poet lay in the skilful rhyming of charades. Here is one upon the name of that vain bird the Peacock :—

“ I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
 All dressed in fire and feather,
 When Loveliness and Chivalry
 Were met to feast together ;
 He flung the slave who moved the lid
 A purse of maravedis,—
 And this that gallant Spaniard did
 For me, and for the Ladies.

“ He vowed a vow, that noble Knight,
 Before he went to table,
 To make his only sport the fight,
 His only couch the stable,
 Till he had dragged, as he was bid,
 Five score of Turks to Cadiz,—
 And this that gallant Spaniard did
 For me, and for the Ladies.

“ To ride through mountains, where my First
 A banquet would be reckoned,—
 Through deserts where, to quench their thirst,
 Men vainly turn my Second ;—
 To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
 To dare the gates of Hades,—
 And this that gallant Spaniard did,
 For me, and for the Ladies.”

Among Præd's songs is the familiar strain beginning—

“ I remember—I remember
 How my childhood fled by.”

And here is another that is worth good music :—

“ THE CONFESSION.

“ Father—Father—I confess—
 Here he kneeled and sighed,
 When the moon's soft loveliness
 Slept on turf and tide.
 In my ear the prayer he prayed
 Seems to echo yet ;
 But the answer that I made
 Father—I forget !
 Ora pro me !

“ Father—Father—I confess—
 Precious gifts he brought ;
 Satin sandal, silken dress ;
 Richer ne'er were wrought ;

Gems that made the daylight dim,
 Plumes in gay gold set ;—
 But the gaud I gave to him—
 Father—I forget !
 Ora pro me !

“ Father—Father—I confess—
 He's my beauty's thrall,
 In the lonely wilderness,
 In the festive hall ;
 All his dreams are aye of me,
 Since our young hearts met ;
 What my own may sometimes be—
 Father—I forget !
 Ora pro me !”

Præd's verse, we believe, will live as something individual and real, although its writer does not approach the first rank of our poets. For in much that he wrote his social nature caused him not only to restrain, but—in respect of some requirements of a poet's art, not otherwise—to pervert the expression of a genius capable of satisfying a much higher standard of taste than that of the friends and comrades to whose sympathy alone he looked.

From The Press.

VISIBLE SPEECH.

UNIVERSAL language has long been a philosopher's dream. Leibnitz believed it possible, and did something toward organizing it. Clearly, if only we could establish a certain written sign for every conceivable idea, with another class of signs for the relations of ideas, the thing would be done. And within certain limits it is done already. Music has a universal language ; so has mathematics. The language of music conveys only sounds, but those sounds are the exponents of musical ideas, so that the conceptions of Rossini or Verdi are capable of being made known to musicians of any country, without any aid from the ordinary language of men. The language of mathematics conveys ideas ; if, for example, to an algebraist ignorant of any language save Arabic an Englishman were to enunciate the Binomial or Laplace's Theorem, no words would be requisite to make it intelligible. Scientific men in other departments might find it worth while to establish a universal language of their own : chemistry especially might be rendered almost independent of ordinary language. But Leibnitz's magnificent idea of universal language for all subjects, although, perhaps, not impossible, involves difficulties too great for the present generation of inventors. Mr. Babbage is the

only man living whom the magnitude of the enterprise would not appall.

If, however, there is slight hope of universal language, we have to announce the unquestionable success of what may be styled a universal alphabet. Mr. Melville Bell, of Edinburgh, is its inventor. Of course everybody recollects the great phonetic mania of some years ago,—and how Mr. Pitman and his followers denounced English spelling as heterography, and organized an orthography of their own,—and how the *Phonetic Nuz* astonished ordinary readers by its vagaries. Well, the phoneticians did good. They originated a system of shorthand which is superior to all others both for speed and readableness. They called public attention to the deficiencies and redundancies of the English alphabet. A glance at the unscientific pages of Walker shows that four pronunciations of the vowels *a* and *o*, three of *u*, two of *e* and *i*, perplexed that obsolete orthoëpist. Then we have redundant consonants, as *c* and *x*; while the two sounds of *g* are both absurdly rendered by *th*. But, while Mr. Pitman, Mr. Ellis, and their associates, did considerable service by indicating alphabetical anomalies, they necessarily failed in their attempt to revolutionize our spelling. Of this a main reason was the rapid advance of etymology as a science. It is now an axiom of lexicography that the origin of a word is more important than its pronunciation. The days of dictionaries without etymology are ended. Richardson, Hyde Clarke, Latham, Wedgewood, and other scientific investigators, have succeeded the unlearned writers of whom Walker is the type. And a movement that would break the connection between English and its cognate languages,—that would spell asymptote *asimtot*, and sneeze *snez*, and plague *plag*, ague *agu*,—that would barbarize the form of our words by destroying all traces of their kinship with the languages whence they came,—was not to be thought of. But Mr. Melville Bell's scheme of "visible speech" is a natural and important result of the phonetic movement. He exhausts all the simple sounds which men can utter. These he finds to be thirty-four in number. Any single language contains less; thus the English language requires only twenty-two types for all its vowels and consonants. Now the results obtainable hereby are obvious enough. Given a passage in the Russian language, written

in Mr. Bell's alphabet, an Englishman can read it so that a Russian shall perfectly understand it. For missionary enterprise this is most valuable. The Bible being written in any tongue, the most illiterate persons may be taught to read ("in a very few days," Mr. Bell says), though the teacher himself is ignorant of the language. Of course, also, a missionary might read the Scriptures to any audience, without knowing a word of the language which he read. And the application of the system to telegraphy will probably be very important. The symbols being learnt, telegraphic messages in any language may be sent from one country to another, and all necessity for translation superseded.

Mr. Bell states that his alphabet has been tried, without a single failure, on American, Indian, Ancient and Modern Greek, Russian and Polish, Hindu, Oordoo, and many other languages. Mr. Ellis, himself a distinguished experimenter, reports that he has thoroughly tested the system, with satisfactory results. Mr. Bell took down what Mr. Ellis dictated, and then Mr. Bell's son, who had only had five weeks' instruction in the use of the alphabet, read aloud what was written. "I dictated to him a most heterogeneous collection of sounds, such as Latin pronounced in the Etonian and Italian fashions, and according to a purposely rather eccentric theoretical fancy; various provincial and affected English and German utterances; series of sounds distinguished from each other by minute shades of difference; Cockneyisms mixed up with Arabic sounds, and so forth. My object was to test for minute differences, and to introduce sounds overlooked in some or all alphabets with which I was acquainted." And this is the verdict: "The result was perfectly satisfactory,—that is, Mr. Bell wrote down my queer and purposely exaggerated pronunciations and mispronunciations and delicate distinctions in such a manner that his sons, not having heard them, so uttered them as to surprise me by the extremely correct echo of my own voice. I have made it my business for twenty-one years to study alphabetical systems. I do not know one which could have produced the same results. I do not know one which could have written every sound I used. So far, then, as I am able to judge, Mr. Bell has solved the problem." Mr. Ellis's testimony will be quite sufficient for those who know how consummate a master of the subject he is. We entirely agree with him that, "for extra-European nations,—as for the Chinese dialects and the several extremely diverse Indian languages,—such an alphabet would rapidly become a great social and political engine."

RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.

[As many of our readers have been practically acquainted with the business of recruiting in this country in time of war, they may be interested in reading the following account of the process and expense of this work in England in time of peace. The following is the best part of an article contributed to the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, by Captain W. W. Knollys.—*Living Age*.]

In a country where the conscription is unknown, work generally plentiful, and wages comparatively high, the cost of recruiting must necessarily be great. By recruiting we mean catching the man, inducing him to enlist, causing him to be examined by a doctor, and bringing him to the regiment, or depot, in which he is to serve. Once he has arrived, has received his bounty, and been provided with a free kit, recruiting, as far as he is concerned, ceases. Now, in this proceeding there are two points to be considered. The first is, how to spend as little money as possible on the raw material; the second, how to get raw material of the most useful description, and of such a quality that the country may subsequently be put to the least possible expense, through sickness and misconduct, on its behalf. We will examine the question of preliminary cost first. For this purpose let us turn to the army estimates for 1863-64. There we find it stated that the cost of recruiting for the military year which expired on the first of April last—a time, be it remembered, of profound peace—will be £119,185. This sum is to be distributed in the payment of the allowances and salary of the recruiting staff, the levy money for recruits, travelling allowances of the recruits and the non-commissioned officers who convey them to the depot battalions, medical attendance on recruiting parties and recruits, salary and allowances to general agent of recruiting service, and the bounty to men re-engaging in the colonies, the cost of free kits to recruits and men re-engaging, and the bounty to men re-engaging in England. To this must be added the pay and lodging allowances of the non-commissioned officers of regimental recruiting parties,—who act under the orders of the recruiting staff, and are, while so employed, lost to their respective regiments,—and the expenses of billeting the recruits before they are forwarded to the head-quarters of the recruiting district, as well as the pay of the recruits themselves. We have no means of estimating the amount of these additional items, but it is large, and added to

the £119,185 above mentioned, makes a considerable aggregate. Now this raw material, obtained at so heavy a price, cannot be manufactured into efficient soldiers, at the earliest, under six months for the infantry, and twelve months for the artillery and cavalry,—during all which time the money expended on them may be considered as being sunk, and might, without any impropriety, be also added to the cost of recruiting. In this paper, however, we are dealing simply with the question of the provision of the raw material, and not the process by which it is manufactured into a useful article. What we have here to do is to inquire if the cost of mere recruiting can be reduced without injury to the public service. To pursue our investigation properly, we must first examine how the present system is carried on.

The whole of the United Kingdom is at present divided into nipe recruiting districts, to each of which are attached an inspecting field officer, an adjutant, a paymaster, some clerks, and staff non-commissioned officers. Any regiment which requires recruits obtains permission to send out one, two, or more sergeants for the purpose of getting them. We will suppose Sergeant Kite, of the 153d, to be detached to Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire, his regiment being at the time stationed at Inverness. His first step is to place in his cap a cockade, with long streamers attached, both composed of four or five different bright-colored ribbons. This is to announce his object. He then finds out the market-days and the most frequented public-houses and thoroughfares. On market-days he goes about among the countrymen who have come into the town; and on other occasions, he visits the different public-houses, and parades up and down the high-street. If he sees a likely-looking young fellow, he contrives to enter into conversation with him, and, after discoursing on different topics, gradually, and, as it were, accidentally, begins to descant on the pleasures and advantages of a soldier's life. If Chawbacon shows any inclination to listen, he tells him in an off-hand sort of way, that his regiment wants a few good-looking lads like himself, and that he would be sure to get on, and the colonel would make him a sergeant like himself. Perhaps Chawbacon bites. Sergeant Kite then says, "Come, my lad, you can't do better than serve Her Majesty; you will live like a

gentleman, and have scarcely anything to do." If the yokel yields, Sergeant Kite says, "Are you married? Have you ever been marked with the letter D? (the mark of a man having been convicted as a deserter.) Or do you belong to the militia?" If these questions are satisfactorily answered in the negative, Sergeant Kite then proceeds, "Are you free, able, and willing to serve Her Majesty the queen for ten years?" On his giving an answer in the affirmative, a shilling is slipped into his hand, and he is told that he is enlisted. A shilling is the coin generally used; but any current coin of the realm is sufficient, according to law. Should, however, Chawbacon not seem in a hurry to surrender his liberty, Sergeant Kite proceeds to talk the matter over quietly. All the sergeant's eloquence and powers of imagination and exaggeration are now employed to persuade the coy rustic, who at length, allured by his brilliant description of the charms of a military life, in which a man "is treated like a gentleman, and has nothing to do except a little drill now and then," and enticed by the showy uniform, which he is told will make all the girls in love with him, succumbs. Formerly it was a common practice to make a man drunk, and while he was stupefied with drink, get him to "take the shilling," as it is technically called. This is, however, now seldom done, for the good reason that the magistrate, on the recruit being brought before him to be sworn in, asks him if he has any objection to make to the mode in which he was enlisted. If he urges some valid reason,—such for instance, that he was drunk at the time,—the enlistment is considered null and void. The man enlisted when drunk generally turns out a bad soldier, being always sulky and disgusted at the idea of having been taken in. The best soldiers are, as might be expected, either those who have been enlisted after a little persuasion, or those who have offered themselves. The causes which induce men to enter the army are various. They may for the most part be classified under the following heads: women,—that is to say, a quarrel with a sweetheart or wife; * a poaching or other scrape; a family quarrel; a distaste for regular work; want of employment—the most fre-

quent cause of all; and, in some instances, a love for an adventurous life.

The recruit having been caught, the next step is to take him before a surgeon and have him examined. In some cases he is put to a very severe test; but, when the medical officer happens to be a civilian, or if recruits are urgently wanted, he passes very easily. Having passed the doctor, he is taken before a magistrate to be sworn in. This must not be done sooner than twenty-four hours, or later than four days, after his enlistment, Sundays not included; and he has then an opportunity of freeing himself by paying smart, i. e., twenty shillings. The recruit having been attested, the sergeant is entitled to sixteen shillings bringing-money, out of which he has to pay one shilling to the magistrate's clerk. Immediately after the attestation has taken place, Sergeant Kite writes to acquaint the staff-adjutant at Glasgow—which is the head-quarters of the recruiting district—with the fact. Generally speaking, he is told to retain the recruit till some three or four more have been enlisted, when the whole batch is sent off by coach and railway to Inverness, and from thence to Glasgow by canal. Till that occurs, the recruit is lodged in billets, and receives pay as a soldier. During this interval of waiting, the sergeant has hard work to prevent desertion,—which, in spite of all his efforts, not unfrequently takes place. High bounties, also, though they doubtless attract an increased number of recruits, yet are the cause of much desertion in the early stage of a soldier's career. A man enlists into one corps, and gets the bounty; he then deserts immediately, and enters another regiment in a distant part of the country; from this he probably again deserts, thus a third time pocketing the bounty. This is with some a regular trade, and a few years ago was carried to such an extent that it could only be repressed by making it a rule that desertion should invariably be punished by flogging.* On arrival at Glasgow, the recruit is again examined by the staff-surgeon, and finally approved by the inspecting field officer, who, however, sometimes finds it necessary to reject recruits, notwithstanding their previous medical inspection. From Glasgow he is despatched, in charge of a sergeant, by canal to Inverness, where he is handed over to his regiment to be licked into shape.

* A man who is known to be married is never accepted as a recruit, but many falsely deny they are so.

* The order has now been abrogated by the classification of soldiers.

From The Examiner.

FORTIFICATIONS.

WHILE our Government, always regardless of expense, is lavishing twelve millions on permanent fortifications, the one important lesson taught by the American war is that earth-works, serving effectually for defence, can be thrown up anywhere in a few days. Now, no country in the world has such a command of the spade as England. She has thousands of navvies, expert in making railway embankments and cuttings, to whom intrenchments, parapets, and ditches, would be child's play. When the costly plan for Portsmouth was under discussion, Sir M. Peto said he would undertake in three weeks to crown Portdown Hill with field-works. But if twice that time were necessary for the purpose, is it conceivable that we should ever want six weeks' warning of an invasion? And Portsmouth could only want defence on the land side against an enemy who had not only effected a disembarkation with horses, artillery, and all material of war, but also got possession of the neighboring country, for Portdown could only be reached by a circuitous march, the direct approaches right and left of Portsmouth being all intersected by waters and marsh.

To guard against a surprise, permanent works for the defence of arsenals are undoubtedly necessary; but the only *coups de main* we have to be prepared against are from the sea, not from the interior. All recent experience both in Europe and America shows that the means of defence are quicker than the means of attack. Sebastopol was not half fortified when first besieged, and was fortified as completely as the nature of the ground and place permitted when finally captured.

The truth is that we have been in a great hurry to throw money away, and now we are learning, too late, how defences may be extemporized, or may wait occasion. With reference to the character of the war in America, the *Times* truly remarks,—

"It must not be forgotten that, though fortifications enter thus largely into the machinery of this desperate war, they must, in most instances, have been extemporized. America was the one country in the whole world without strong places and fortified towns, except on the seacoast. Even Richmond and Washington have been fortified since the war began, and probably we may learn by and by something more of a system

which Todleben introduced, but which Beauregard and his colleagues have developed. We are assured that Richmond—as open a town four years ago as Brentford or Croydon—is now one of the strongest places in the world. We know that Vicksburg, hastily encircled with defensive works, resisted every hostile attack, and yielded only to famine. The very man who took it cannot succeed, though still at the head of a large force, in taking the little country town of Petersburg. It is not easy to see the design of Grant's late operations, but they appear to be directed against the communications of Petersburg, with the hope of establishing such a blockade of that town as may possibly in the end lead to its surrender, and thus perhaps open one of the roads to Richmond. The defences themselves are too strong even for the reckless obstinacy of the Northern commander, and if he cannot effect his purpose indirectly, he must give it up altogether. Yet these fortifications had never been heard of till the other day, when the little place all of a sudden was found to be an Antwerp or a Mantua in strength."

Yet we are spending millions on works that may never be needed. Sufficient for the day is not the evil thereof, for we are providing at great cost against an evil which is most unlikely to happen, and against which, happen when it might, there would always be time to guard in the way exemplified by the Americans. With the present better knowledge of the public, the grant that was obtained four years ago could not be proposed with any chance of success by the strongest government. The ready answer would be, "See how they manage these things in America, waiting for the occasion, and fully provided for the occasion, without throwing away labor and money."

From The Examiner.

PERSIGNY—FRANK AND FREE.

Sir,—

"Well, old man, have you made your strains
To praise the hand which pays your pains,"

Such was the address of Robert the Bruce,—according to Walter Scott,—to the bard of the lord of the Isles, after his song in praise of his master.

His Grace of Persigny is entitled to the same commendation as that given to the mercenary bard. He does well to laud the emperor, and to declare that his government is "*le meilleur de tous les gouvernements possibles.*" Has he—the Duke of Persigny—not

been raised from the rank of a sergeant in a regiment of the line, and does he not now possess,—in addition to his official salary,—two large estates with a rental of above £12,000 a year? He would be the most ungrateful man in the world if he were not contented with the present state of things in France.

Persigny has a number of admirers in England, who are continually talking of his disinterestedness in joining Louis Napoleon before his rise. I cannot for the life of me see in what his disinterestedness consists. He is a man of humble birth, who never rose, previous to the *coup d'état*, higher than the rank of a non-commissioned officer in a regiment of the line. This was during the reign of Louis Philippe. Finding he was likely to remain there without mounting to a higher grade, he joined Louis Napoleon in England, who was on the look-out for French adventurers of courage and broken fortune to aid him in his attempts against the dynasty of July. From this time he has lived at the cost of Louis Napoleon as his friend and adviser. Where is, then, the disinterestedness of Persigny? He certainly resigned his serjeanty in the line. But he exchanged for the better, in pay, food, and every material advantage.

Persigny—there can be no doubt of this—is a man of reckless courage and of great resources. It was Persigny, according to the general belief in Paris, who planned the whole details of the *coup d'état*,—the bribery of the officers commanding the army of Paris, the midnight arrest of the parliamentary generals, and the *fusillade* of the Boulevards, to prevent the citizens and the troops from fraternizing. Had he failed, he and his master would have been proscribed and considered infamous. But they succeeded, and success, like charity, covereth a multitude of crimes.

Louis Napoleon had at the same time another friend and adviser,—Count d'Orsay, a high-born gentleman. D'Orsay was a different character from Persigny. He advised the emperor to wait, and not to perjure himself, or lay the foundation of his power in blood. He said that it was probable the French people in their difficulty would elect him freely for their sovereign, and that he would then mount the throne without bloodshed, and with the love of his subjects. Louis Napo-

leon would not, however, listen to Count d'Orsay, and followed the counsels of Persigny. The *coup d'état* took place, and Count d'Orsay was afterward neglected, ill-treated, and finally died a broken man,—he to whom the emperor was under considerable pecuniary obligations when in England.

Persigny and the rest of the *entourage* have so far succeeded; but they are not altogether at their ease. They know well that if anything were to happen to Louis Napoleon, they would be ruined men; that they would be deprived not only of their rank, but of their illegally bestowed fortunes,—abstracted by the emperor without warrant out of the public purse, in order first to bribe and then to reward his unscrupulous partisans.

No wonder the Duke de Persigny is so anxious to maintain the existing state of things. No wonder he is opposed to a free press and a free parliament. One of the very first uses which would be made of a free press, would be to demand of His Grace how he comes to possess estates worth twelve thousand a year,—he who, twelve years ago, possessed—to use the French idiom—nothing but debts.

Every Imperialist knows that a free press and a free parliamentary government are impossible under Louis Napoleon. Such are the vices connected with the origin of his power that it can only be maintained by the bayonets of his soldiers. It would not stand six months before a free press and free chambers. Louis Napoleon—even if he wished to do so—could not give liberty to the people. The Parisians, who are the king-makers in France when the army does not interfere, will never forget and never forgive the scenes of December, 1851. The last elections sufficiently prove this.

JAMES AYTOUN.

PALLMALL, Sept. 3, 1864.

From The Examiner.

A ROMANCE IN POLITICS.

FORTUNE does certainly at times show strange caprice in its treatment of individuals or of families. The tricky goddess's treatment of the present royal family of Denmark is certainly of the most whimsical. It seems as if she had lifted up King Christian but to cuff and humiliate him. Whilst of actual empire and territory he has been

shorn, the first princes in the world seek his alliance, and the most illustrious marriages follow as well as precede disastrous desertions and defeats.

It is needless to recall to any one the rise of the house of Glücksburg, its coronation by a treaty, the marriage of its elder princess to the heir of the English throne, and the elevation of one of its young princes to the throne of Greece. Then stepped in Nemesis, and brought Denmark suppliant and prostrate before the German sovereigns at Vienna. Scarcely were the last acts perpetrated before the heirs of two of the most potent thrones of the world appear as rivals in the palace of Copenhagen, both pretending to the hand of the daughter of the ill-used sovereign. Prince Humbert of Italy, visiting Paris and offered a wife there, bethought him could he not do better, and posted off to Hamburg, from whence, by Lubeck, he made a hurried steam excursion to Copenhagen. What he said or did, or how he was received, courtly chronicles tell not. But he had scarcely time to disappear when upon his heels came another prince, and rather a handsome fellow, the Grand Prince Nicholas, eldest son of the reigning czar. He, too, had thought of the Princess Dagmar, which means, we suppose, something like Aurora, and, afraid of being anticipated, he took post and steam to Copenhagen. The court chronicles are equally silent as to his reception. But few readers are without sufficient imagination to fill up the picture.

It was probably not the wish of the imperial family of Russia that its hereditary prince should declare himself a suitor for the hand of the Danish princess until after peace had been signed at Vienna. But the curiosity or ardor of Prince Humbert defeated that discretion. The little Court of Copenhagen has, in consequence, been so much inspirited that its plenipotentiaries decline to undergo the hard pecuniary conditions imposed at Vienna. How can a prince, father-in-law to the future sovereigns of Russia and England, be deprived of his provinces? It is for the political novelist rather than for the sober historian to attempt to discern or shadow forth what may come of all this. As we belong rather to the latter category, we should answer—nothing. Denmark will not be foolish enough to provoke war, because Russia would treat her as England has done, as

even she cannot do otherwise than shrink from the extremity of war. Prussia and Austria are, on the other hand, embarked in it. Russia, at the eleventh hour, is trying in September to accomplish what she could very easily have secured in January by honest and frank support of England. But it is now too late. Neither Austria nor Prussia cares for the legitimate rights of the Slesvig succession, and would sell or barter them to-morrow, were merely their own feelings and interests in play. But what is Austria, and still more what is Prussia, unless, apart or together, they mean Germany, and carry Germany along with them? Germany, never so much awake as at present, they cannot deceive. And however willing to gratify Russia, they cannot depopularize themselves at present.

They, however, may make great promise for the future, and to give speciousness to their sincerity, make and maintain a provisional state of things in the north, which is dangerous, because fraught with all the elements of popular disturbance and war. The worst of all this is the assumption by Russia of an influence which England ought to have had. Not that we should have profited by it. Our only object is peace, justice, and the content of each country with its frontier and position. Both France and Russia have quite other than such merely conservative views. And both one and the other would desire no better than to fish in the troubled waters of Germany,—keeping them troubled for the very purpose,—the one to extend its empire to the Rhine, the other to extend its sway over the Baltic and its shores and its outlet.

It is only at the expense of Germany that France and Russia can extend their power. And Germans, therefore, should look carefully on both sides of them. Even if united, Germany ought not to play the bully; she will have enough to do to defend herself on either side. And this she must do, not by military or numerical strength, in which she is surpassed, but by a respect for the rights of populations and the great principles of nationality, of freedom, and of justice.

From the Spectator, 17 September.

THE POLITICIANS OF CHICAGO.

THE nomination of General M'Clellan by the Democratic Convention at Chicago as its candidate for the next Presidency has been re-

ceived in this country by the self-styled friends of peace with a vacant and irrational joy. The Confederate organ, the *Index*, even before the news of the fall of Atlanta and the defeat of the Confederate General Hood, had candidly admitted that M'Clellan's election as president could not well hasten peace. But the recent great successes of Mr. Lincoln's generals will probably nip in the bud even such chances of election as General M'Clellan once had. But suppose it otherwise, what could General M'Clellan's election mean except a return to the faded craft of that vaunted compromise policy which yields principles to gain time,—first, a disgraceful and useless fawning on the pro-slavery politicians of the South in the cause of Union,—next, a dishonorable repulse,—and then at last an angry resumption of war after time had been given to the South to rally,—but of war undertaken to restore a Union with the living seeds of disunion as carefully preserved in it as ever, instead of such a war as the present, which is waged, not only to put down rebellion, but extinguish the causes of rebellion? That is what General M'Clellan's election would mean, and would only mean. The Democratic party dare not give up the magic formula of Union. The peace at any price party had no supporters at Chicago. The platform adopted there and accepted by the unready soldier, who having failed in arms has attempted to transfer to politics the same lukewarm and half-and-half policy which caused his ill success as a general, is as much a Union platform as that of the supporters of General Fremont or Mr. Lincoln. The whole difference between their and General M'Clellan's political principles is, that the latter pledges himself first to court and even compel a humiliating rebuff from the South, of which Mr. Jefferson Davis has not failed to give him ample and emphatic warning, and afterward to protect with all his strength the seeds of fresh disunion wherever his arms may succeed in restoring nominal union. If it is a subject for intelligent and rational joy that this feeble representative of a flavorless policy may possibly be empowered by the ignorance and unscrupulousness of the Northern democracy to plunge it into a larger, more wicked, and more hopeless contest for the more cruel and greedy idol called Union, then only can we understand the sickly show of congratulation with which the friends of

peace in England strive to utter the name of General M'Clellan.

"The probability of the election of a man of the calibre of General M'Clellan," says the *Times*, "strikes us as being itself in the nature of a revolution. The notion that the American democracy should submit to place itself under a leader, and that leader a man of character and ability unstained by the arts of the demagogue, and trusted mainly for his personal character, is so strange and startling that we really begin to hope the war has taught lessons never learnt in peace, and that in the hard school of adversity the evils engendered by a too luxuriant and exuberant prosperity may have found a remedy." We cannot think of a single fact justifying however remotely such a judgment as this. Between the elections of General Jackson in 1829 and Mr. Lincoln, we do not remember a single president who has not been of the calibre of General M'Clellan,—Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, they have one and all been more or less men of some culture and no principle, tools of the South, playing into the hands of the pro-slavery party with polished treachery, and often with far more ability than General M'Clellan has shown any indication of possessing. Mr. Lincoln has been the first *rude* president, so to speak, since the days of the rough but able Jackson; and he has been, as far as we can judge the history of the States, the first honest president since the time when the Democratic party first became the instruments in the hands of the malign Southern ambition. There is not a single intellectual quality in which the accomplished diplomatist, ex-President Buchanan, was not in all probability General M'Clellan's superior; nay, there is no moral quality belonging to a politician in which we have any evidence for thinking Mr. Buchanan inferior to the new Democratic favorite; and yet of all the long file of bad rulers under which the earth has groaned, we do not remember one who in a smooth and diplomatic way was worse, weaker, more mischievous and more contemptible, more shuffling in his treason to the Union and more vacillating in his assistance to the South, than President Buchanan. All we know of General M'Clellan is that he is following as far as he can at the present crisis in Mr. Buchanan's track, and why therefore his election, if it were to take place, should be

"in the nature of a revolution," it would have been kind of our contemporary to explain.

The truth is that the Chicago Democrats and their nominee General McClellan represent but one deep-seated tendency in American politics,—the great political vice which the circumstances of their constitution have generated from the first,—an idolatry of compromise. The Federation was itself a compromise, and a compromise not merely in practice, which is true of all political compacts, but in *principle*,—statesmen in all the States having agreed not only to tolerate *for a time*, but protect, guarantee, and help to perpetuate what many of them, nay, most of them, both South and North, believed to be intrinsically poisonous to the life of the nation they were forming, and what they hoped with all their hearts might die out even while they solemnly pledged themselves to foster and feed it. This origin of the American constitution has borne its natural fruit in moulding generation after generation of statesmen who have lived to devise, and died with the patriotic boast on their lips that they *have* devised, new artifices for procrastinating the crisis of an inevitable and desperate struggle. Run over the greater names of the Union statesmen of the half-century previous to secession, take, for instance, Clay and Webster,—and we may truly say that each of these able and eminent men earned and re-earned his reputation wholly by mutilating his own most intimate convictions so as to make out of them and the convictions of his adversaries some platform on which, as he believed, the Union might be artificially propped up for a few years longer. Henry Clay of Kentucky, often called the "father of compromises," first distinguished himself by inventing and carrying, in conjunction with Calhoun, the Missouri Compromise as the condition of the admission of Missouri as a Slave State; he next carried the compromise tariff, Calhoun reluctantly consenting, when South Carolina had threatened nullification; he modified and then adopted Calhoun's memorable resolution, denying the right of Congress to legislate on slavery even for the District of Columbia, in which Washington is situated, in 1837-8, and so averted for a time the growing feud; on the annexation of Texas he tried to avoid and did avoid declaring either

for or against it; and he ended his life with his "Omnibus" Bill, a great effort to avoid deciding the question whether territorial legislatures should admit slavery or not. Mr. Clay of Kentucky has been the great model whom in his smaller way Mr. Crittenden has more recently striven to emulate. Clay, however, was a Border-State Unionist, and it is easy to see how Border-State statesmen are born into the very spirit of compromise. Daniel Webster was a New Englander, and yet the same indelible character of the constitution fixed its mark upon him and made him a mere imitator of Clay. The whole spirit of his life was compromise for the sake of the Union,—one of his first steps being a compromise with Mr. Calhoun at the time South Carolina threatened nullification, and one of his last to support the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. Even his foreign policy was often a mere manoeuvre to withdraw the attention of the States from internal differences, and no other consideration would probably have dragged so cautious and shrewd a statesman into the impertinent correspondence with Austria about Hungary in 1849. The truth simply is that statesmanship in the North has long meant nothing but vicious ingenuity in inventing compromises and staving off the evil hour, and hence the genuine Southern statesmen, like Calhoun in the later part of his career, and Jefferson Davis throughout it, have had, and have still, all the advantage of a clear aim, homogeneous views, and a vicelike tenacity of purpose over the hesitating and piteous bargainers of the Free States.

Mr. Lincoln has been the first break in this long line of gentlemanly waverers, who have been always willing to pay, if so it must be, the full price asked by the Southern slave-owners for their adhesion and forbearance; yet the *Times* sees a wonderful revolution in the mere nomination of a man by the Democratic party who takes up all the old traditions, offers all the old bribes, will be guilty of any iniquity, to save the Union, but *dare* not even whisper that he would sacrifice it. Why, instead of constituting a revolution, the choice of McClellan would be the return of the sow to her wallowing in the mire. It would be the reënting of the evil spirit with seven other spirits worse than itself into the house that had been swept and garnished. We would not speak

thus of any man who would venture to go openly or disunion, and to encourage the North to develop the genius of her free institutions independently of the Slave States. That would be a clear and intelligible policy, likely to prove fruitful of good to one section of the country at least, if it held out also the terrible prospect of long life for a worse form of slavery than the world has ever seen, in the other section of the States. But this is not the policy of Governor Seymour and M'Clellan. They take up again the old creed and reverently appropriate the worn-out mantle of Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan. They propose to wheedle the Slave States back into the Union at the cost of all faith and all freedom. They cry aloud to the South, "Make us your tools, your servile tools if you please, if you will only come back. Your fathers made our yoke heavy; but you shall add to our yoke. Your fathers chastised us with whips; but you shall chastise us with scorpions."

And even that cry will not be heard. Mr. Davis has, we verily believe, too much of the statesman in him to rule again by pandering to the servility of the Northern democracy where he could not rule by the right of the stronger. He has found out how disgusting is the duty of governing, as Mr. Randolph of Virginia long ago said that the South governed the North, "not by our black slaves, but by your own white slaves," and he will not attempt it again. He will foil the Northern democracy by refusing all terms but independence, and then if General M'Clellan should, after all, be elected,—which is, we think, improbable,—we should see the disgusting spectacle of a bloody war renewed under a man who has vaunted his contempt for the only principle which can excuse it,—who has apologized for the rebellion and its principle when he hoped to bribe it into submission,—and will then be compelled by the utter break-down of his senseless manoeuvre to invade the rights he has justified, and murder the men on whom he has fawned. In General M'Clellan the principle of compromise would thus indeed culminate. Many others of his predecessors have surrendered their principles cheerfully to purchase a peace; but he would have done so only to exasperate a war,—to turn it from what has always a certain majesty—a conflict of good and evil principles—into the most miserable and evil

of all human spectacles,—a bloodthirsty strife in which nothing is at issue except the possession of the soil and the name of the victor.

From the Spectator.

THE TIPPERARY WITCH.

THERE is something much more pleasant and touching about the Irish rustic superstitions than there is about the English. Superstition makes the English boor simply brutal and pitiless, while in the Irish peasant it excites the lively credulous imagination of a child. At Sible Hedingham the other day, the Essex villagers regarded the mere suspicion that poor old Dummy was preternaturally endowed as lawful justification for all sorts of experimental torment. No sooner do English rustics suspect demoniacal agency than they deliver themselves up to mixed feelings of anger and curiosity, and set about their tortures partly in the spirit of cruel fear and partly in the spirit of scientific investigation,—partly like inquisitors, and partly like artillerymen trying with their guns the strength of a renowned fort. They want to hurt the demon, and they want also to know how much it can endure,—whether a few hours under water will have the effect of sending it away, or brickbats applied to the organism of the possessed person will affect it at all unpleasantly. A hundred and fifty years ago Addison described the rural English feeling towards a witch as precisely that which it still is:—"In our return home Sir Roger told us that old Moll White had often been brought before him for making children spit pins and giving maids the nightmare, and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day if it was not for him and his chaplain." There is no such feeling towards a gipsy, because a gipsy is supposed to work only by a traditional knowledge of natural signs which anybody might acquire if he could find the key; there is nothing preternatural attributed to the gipsy, only a wilder life and more intimate acquaintance with natural secrets. But the moment the suspicion of preternatural powers suggests itself, the English rustic becomes brutal. The belief in fairies or kindly preternatural agencies has wholly vanished from England, while the belief in demons or the black art still lingers to a considerable extent. How different the state of feeling is in Ireland the very cu-

rious examination of three or four "bewitched" people before the magistrates of Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, on Thursday week will sufficiently show. The witch was one Mrs. Mary Doheny, the wife of a blind man, who appeared at Carrick-on-Suir about fourteen months ago with a reputation for preternatural powers which she soon began to sustain and increase. The charge against her was of cheating certain persons afterwards examined in court, and who evidently were far from admitting that they had been cheated at all, out of subsidies not in money but in food, on the false pretence that they were for the support of deceased relatives of the contributors recently restored to life—or sufficiently so to need food. The scene in the Court-house of Carrick-on-Suir was a very curious one. People of all ranks thronged from all sides to hear the examination, and even the most educated persons present were, it is said, in parts of the evidence visibly awestruck and confounded by the simple faith and earnest testimony of more than one witness to the preternatural facts alleged. The witnesses called against Mrs. Doheny certainly testified to the continuous stream of subsidies with which they had supplied her for their rather uncomfortably situated relatives,—who appear to have *half* got back from the grave, but still to be, if we may so term it, spiritual *invalids* living on earth, but in mysterious seclusion amongst the "good people," and preparing on a mild diet of tea and other food generally known to the medical profession as "slops" for their more active return to life; but while they gave this evidence, they not only imputed no falsehood to Mrs. Doheny, but were even eager in their simple faith that the subsidies had actually been needed and consumed by their half-reanimated kinsmen, whom they had, they said, seen with their own eyes. There is something inexpressibly childlike about the whole story. In reading it we feel as if we were present at the birth of one of those Irish fairy legends related with so much spirit by Mr. Lover, in which humpbacks sleeping in haunted moats so please the "good people" as not only to get rid of their humps but have them transferred to the persons of their cruel enemies, or banshees flit round decaying mansions wailing forth the death-song of some one of its inmates.

There were no fewer apparently than five independent witnesses who asserted that they had *seen* the forms of relatives long dead restored to life, always it appears in Mrs. Doheny's presence, though she does not seem to have claimed any power in the matter. The first witness was "Sub-Constable Joseph Reeves," who stated that after Mrs. Doheny's appearance at Carrick-on-Suir some fourteen months ago she began to doctor his child for him with herbs. The child was afflicted with epileptic fits, and Mrs. Doheny's remedies certainly gained it quieter sleep, he thought, than it had ever had before. But after this little experiment in the healing art, in which she does not appear to have been strikingly successful, she seems to have diverted her energies into more exciting channels. We are told that one night at twelve o'clock, while Mrs. Doheny's medical attentions were being directed to the child, Mrs. Reeves, the wife of the sub-constable, had a vision, when she was "in bed, but not asleep," of her deceased father, Mr. Mullins, who said "he would return home to me in perfection,"—whatever that may have meant. Mrs. Doheny "had not said anything to me of my father till I told her this circumstance, but the remark appears to have been carefully laid up in Mrs. Doheny's heart, and to have suggested the important change of her "base of operations" from administering physical sedatives to the child to administering spiritual stimulants to the parents. After the hint dropped by Mrs. Reeves of her expectation, that her father would return to her "in perfection," Mrs. Doheny appears to have made statements to the effect that he *had* returned to life, and would soon manifest himself to his daughter and her family. About four months or more ago "Sub-Constable Joseph Reeves" was asked by Mrs. Doheny to go with her to Knockroe, where he would see his late father-in-law. The man, accompanied by his boy Terence, a child of eight years of age, started, but on getting to Knockroe appears to have seen nothing till Mrs. Doheny came up ten minutes after him, when pointing in a particular direction she asked Reeves if he saw anything. "I replied, 'Yes,' for I saw my father-in-law William Mullins (who had been dead three years) about twenty yards distant from me." Asked by the magistrate whether he was frightened, Reeves replied

simply, "I was not, sir; this is a rare case in a court of justice, and a laughable one to some people; but there have been instances of the kind before." He had known his father-in-law, he said, for sixteen years, and "ought" to know him. "We remained looking at him for a time; he was standing in the field with a stick in his hand; his side-face was turned toward me. There was good light at the time, about eight o'clock in the evening. I don't think William Mullins is dead now; but he *was* dead. I have been sending him food for the last four months since he came to life. I sent bread, butter, and tea once in each of the twenty-four hours, sometimes by the defendant and sometimes by my wife's niece. Defendant asked in my presence for the food, and as it was after I had seen William Mullins alive, I consented." Reeves further said that he had lost a son named William, who died at seven years of age in 1860. Two months ago, Mrs. Doheny told him "to go to Dugan's waste-house and I would see him." This he did, again with his son Terence, and he asserts that they both saw his late son William standing inside the window with a dead aunt (Margaret Power), who had died about seven years ago. "They came to the window and I walked up to it,—there was only the glass between us. . . . The boy Terence remarked to me when they came to the window, 'There's Will and his aunt.'" We may casually note here the remarkably tenacious memory of the living boy Terence, who is only eight years old. His little brother had died when he was only four years old, and his aunt when he was only *one* year old; but he recognizes them at once. The dead or risen boy *was* said to be in the same clothes in which he died. The magistrate, asking if the lad had had his clothes on when he died, his mother, who was sitting in court, cried out, "O God help us! he had, he had!" and Reeves goes on, "Yes, he died in his chair; he appeared to me to have grown since he died; he did not look very badly, though he was delicate; he had no hat on." Of the aunt he says that she did not wear a crinoline, "they were not in fashion when she died,"—but we are not assured whether she died in those clothes or has dressed *since*. There also appears to have been a separate manifestation of some of these deceased persons to Mrs. Reeves. Mrs. Doheny, she said, brought her father "and showed him to me. She also showed

me Tom Sheehan [a deceased relative of Reeves], who was lame, and my own child. They were all alive." The niece of Mrs. Reeves, who is described as a "fine, intelligent girl," also swore positively that every night,—but "after dark,"—she brought tea, milk, butter, bread, and other food, and gave them to her uncle, Tom Sheehan, who was always standing under the wall of the old "waste house." She swore positively that it was to her deceased uncle, Tom Sheehan, and no one else, that she delivered the food. A fifth witness was an ex-policeman, James Hayes; but as he had known none of the deceased parties in their lifetime, except by description, his evidence only proved that he had seen persons whom he believed on his friends' word to be dead people restored to life. These persons still appear to be in a very delicate state. The dead Father Mullins indeed seems to be hearty under the protection of the "good people," smokes, and can manage new potatoes and eggs. But "Mrs. Doheny said my sisters and son were too delicate to eat new potatoes and eggs, and I changed the diet next night." Some tea was sent back as not good enough for the wards of the fairies, two months ago, and fresh tea of a better quality was substituted. William Mullins wanted clothes but once; and then he made shift with one of his daughter's *chemises* for a shirt. The promise held out by Mrs. Doheny appears to be that all these shadowy forms now undergoing their novitiate for a second earthly life in the deserted house near the moat of Ballydine will, after due assimilation respectively of new potatoes, eggs, and bread and milk by the hardier men, and superior tea by the boy and women, be able to come back *quite* to life, and that whenever that occurs they will "bring their living with them,"—an event apparently much to be desired, as the intermediate state is rather expensive to relations who are still enjoying their *first* lease of life, and on whom it is rather hard to ask them to work so hard for relatives who are about to enjoy their second. However, when they *quite* return to life, they are to bring not only money but "land in the county of Waterford"—or perhaps rather the *title* to it—with them, which is certainly a consolatory hope; only as the title can only have been gained by a conveyance effected in the other world, it must still be a harassing doubt to the subconstable whether earthly lawyers will recognize its validity. Indeed, we fear the wholesome efficacy of the Encumbered Estates Act would soon be neutralized if this sort of lien upon land were admitted.

The whole story shows a wonderful Irish *naïvete* and amiability with its marvellous credulity. The placid faith with which the

sub-constable and his family accept the intermediate state, and send their tributes of new potatoes, eggs, milk, butter, and tea to the unreal world, in the sanguine hope of a reversionary right to real property in Waterford in compensation for these pious labors, is quite touching in its simplicity. A whole family give dairy produce to ghosts or fairies, and hope for a farm in Waterford as their reward! Was there ever confidence in imaginary powers so profound?

From The Spectator.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA.*

WE venture to hope that few Englishmen will read this authentic narrative of the cruise of the *Alabama* without a feeling of shame that any of their countrymen should have been found willing to coöperate in organizing or sending forth from our shores an expedition has which been so successful in preying upon the commerce of a friendly ally, and disturbing the relations between this country and the United States. Without entering into the vexed question whether any of the persons concerned in this affair were within the express words of the Foreign Enlistment Act so as to render themselves liable to its penal consequences, but looking at the transaction as a whole, it cannot, we think, be doubted that it was precisely that which it was the object of that act to prevent, and which if the powers given by the Legislature to the Executive do not prevent, the whole act becomes a dead letter, a pretence and a sham.

Captain Semmes' work adds little to what was known before. We all knew that the *Alabama* was "built expressly for the Confederate Navy by Messrs. Laird and Sons, of Birkenhead" (Vol. I., p. 266); that it was paid for in money obtained in this country by means of a loan raised upon the faith of cotton certificates which would only be good in the event of success of the Confederacy; that it was obviously a war vessel, and so far as its armament was completed in this country fit for nothing else; that it left Liverpool on pretence of making a trial trip with its builders and a party of ladies on board on the very day on which orders were issued by the Government for its detention, and of which information had been obtained in some irregular and clandestine manner; that instead of returning into port she proceeded to Moelfra Bay, where she shipped her crew and sailed on an ostensible voyage to Nassau; that she made for Terceira, and met there by previous arrangement the sailing vessel *Agrippina*, and the steamer *Bahama*, bringing

her guns, ammunition, and coal, all supplied by English firms, and the remainder of her crew; that there Captain Semmes, who had been commissioned to the vessel before she left England, took command, went through a form of reëngaging his crew, hoisted the Confederate flag, and then commenced his career of destruction; that, with the exception of the captain and two other officers, all her crew, officers and men, were Englishmen.—Captain Semmes calls them "the most reckless from the grogeries of Liverpool" (Vol. II., p. 33) and that wages were regularly paid to their families through a firm at Liverpool; that the vessel was constantly supplied with coal from England by the *Agrippina*; that she made a practice of luring her victim by flying the British flag; that she never once entered a Confederate port, but made constant use of British and other neutral ports, and was received with hospitality by British officers; that no attempt was ever made to send her prizes into port for condemnation according to the recognized usage of belligerents at sea, but that Captain Semmes constituted a quasi court of condemnation on his own quarter-deck without due regard for the property of neutrals, and then burnt the vessels and their cargoes.

On all these points Captain Semmes' log only confirms what was matter of notoriety, and those who can read with patience this great scandal to our laws and disgrace to the shipbuilders and merchants engaged in this transaction, will find little more than a dreary and monotonous account of the burning of vessels throughout a lengthened cruise. That there was anything heroic in the action of Captain Semmes we entirely deny. The vessel was built for the purpose only of destroying the commerce of the United States, and that a vessel could be built which should for a length of time out-pace any of its opponents at sea taking advantage of the law of neutrality which gives twenty-four hours' start to a belligerent from any neutral port, cannot be a matter of surprise to any one acquainted with the efficiency of British steamship builders, and more especially of the Messrs. Laird; it is, or ought to be, more mortifying that such a vessel armed and manned by Englishmen should have had eventually to succumb to an opponent as nearly equal as possible in size, armament, and number of men, of which the iron-plating turns out to be nothing more than the festooning of its own iron cable about the most vulnerable portion of its hull, a device equally open to the *Alabama*; and that its loss was wholly due to the superior gunnery of the American sailors over those of the *Alabama*, notwithstanding the training which many of the latter had received as Naval Reserve men.

* Cruise of the *Alabama* and the *Sumter*. From the private Journals of Commander R. Semmes, C. S. N. Two vols. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.